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JANUARY
1948

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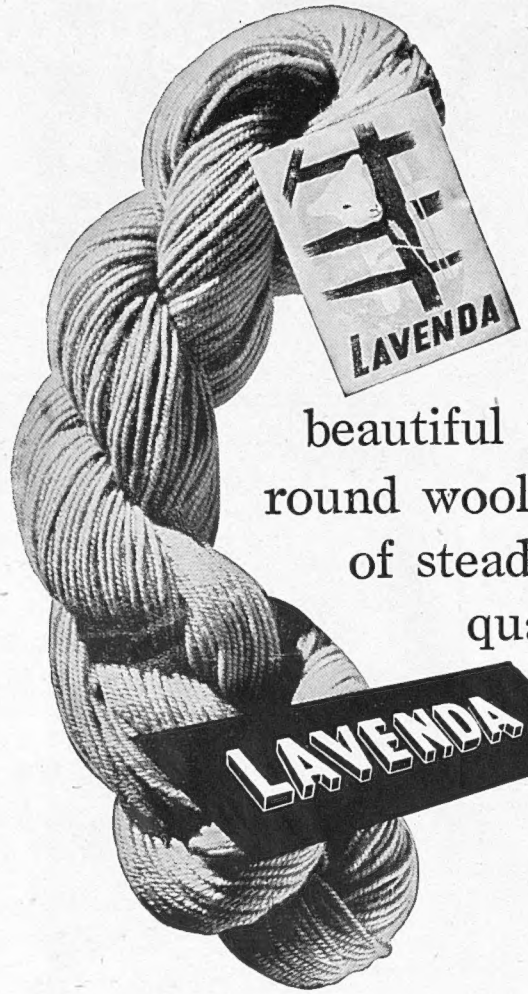

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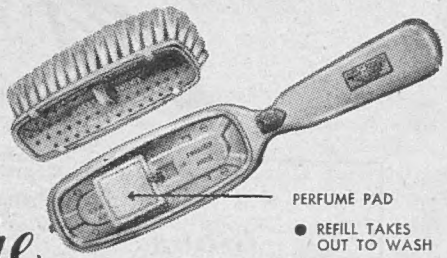

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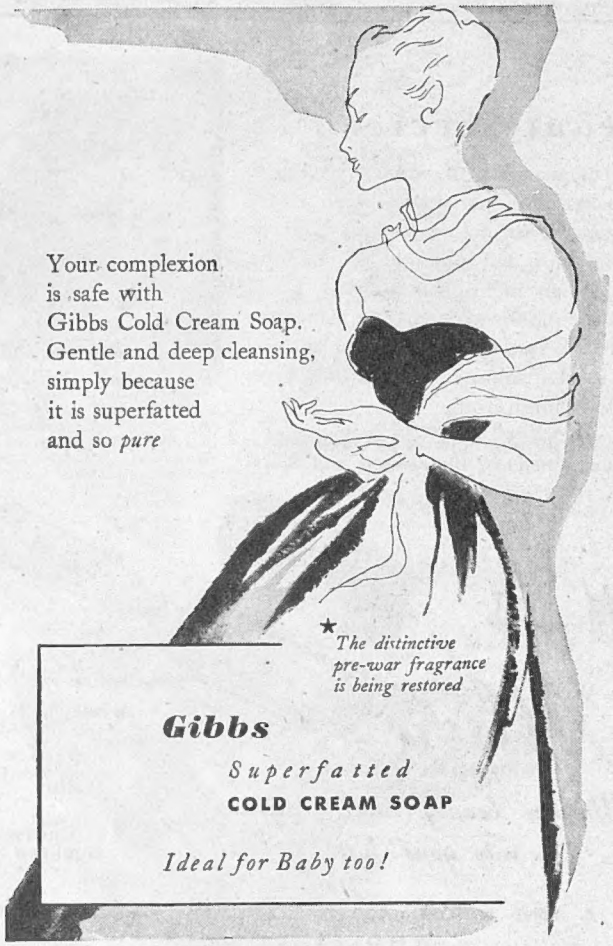

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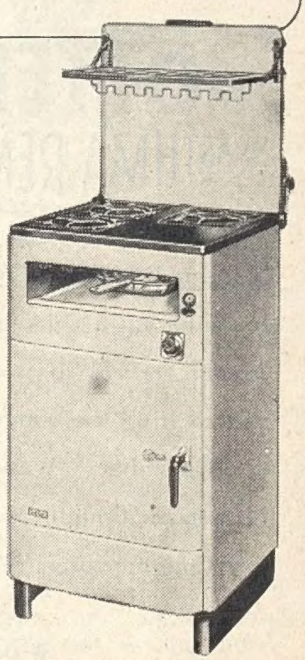

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Rosemary stared at him, deeply hurt. She had, as is the way of women, bestowed far more emotion on Hector Ford than he had done on her. "I'm not good enough?" she asked

Here Comes the Lady

A Short Story

by

Ursula Bloom

Illustrations by Albert Bailey

IT had been last summer when Commander Hector Ford, recently appointed to H.M.S. *Tigress*, decided to forgo love for his career. The *Tigress* was the flagship, and under the eye of Admiral Sir John Phipps (affectionately known as "Flapjack John," because of his dislike of the fair sex), Hector Ford hoped to procure promotion. He could do a little of that judicial buttering of the Admiral's bread which so often greases the upward foothold on the ladder. For Hector Ford had ambitions.

Therefore the little episode with Rosemary Fayre of the Harmony Theatre went phut. Rosemary danced exquisitely; she was a golden blonde, a lovely twenty-three, groomed for stardom, and destined for fame. She had lost her heart to Commander Hector Ford, who looked good, and had all those attributes which hall-mark the naval officer. He drank plain Plymouth gin; he held himself like a ramrod, and was tanned. Also he had those penetrating eyes that see so much, and look their best beneath a peak dazzling with golden oak leaves.

But Hector felt that marriage with anybody who wasn't what his mother would call "a lady" would stand in the way of the career. He had been born a snob. His people were traditional; his mother looking exactly like Ruth Draper opening the bazaar, and his father, slightly *passé*, but always a gentleman, wore tweed breeches that smelt of bumble bees and heather; undoubtedly he knew everything there was to know about a dry-fly, and stalking the stag.

"It's no good, Rosemary. It's been fun whilst it lasted," said Hector Ford, explaining his change of front. "But it would never work out. My people expect me—well—to do what they want me to do—I've got to marry well."

She stared at him, deeply hurt. She had, as is the way of women, bestowed far more emotion on Hector Ford than he had done on her. "I'm not good enough?" she asked.

"Mother puts it quaintly. Mother's idea of a lady is a bit strict," he laughed nervously.

"I see." He didn't realise how it stung. "One day I may hold you to that," she added.

It was absurd to go on loving him, even after he had joined the *Tigress* and sailed for the north, old Admiral Sir John Phipps and all. But Rosemary still thought with a bitter tenderness of a man who had undoubtedly been a cad!

IN the coldness of late January in England, the great ships turn south to meet their lighter grey sisters of the Mediterranean. The *Tigress* rode through the bay, and the gun-room thought of the theatricals they had been instructed to produce at Gib. The Admiral looked like a prawn with high blood-pressure. He was a little man, with a sharpish face and eyes that missed nothing. He it was who had laid down the law that the gun-room must put up "a damned good show."

Symons, the senior snottie, got an idea. Symons had been the top of his term at Dartmouth (known as "Symons-the-Swot" to his contemporaries), for they preferred more sporting qualities, and always treated him as being "slightly wet," which was extremely galling. Symons was always seeking a way to prove to Freeman, the Sub., that he was not so wet as he was painted.

The *Tigress* had not anchored half an hour in the bay before the buzz went round that Rosemary Fayre was staying at the hotel. The gun-room appreciated the pictures of Rosemary Fayre in their illustrated papers; they thought this was the prize piece of jam. They must get to know her. The only person who did not rumble the buzz was Commander Hector Ford, for ever hanging round the Admiral. He was one of those attentive officers who keep a Navy List in their cabins and are for ever working out their chances of promotion with it. Hector was approaching the time when either he went up one or stayed stuck—and that for keeps. So he was for ever in the wake of old Flapjack, to make the running good.

"By Jove, supposing we could get the fayre Rosemary for our show!" said Freeman the Sub.

Symons looked up, as usual seeking to prove that he was not the poor boob they thought. "Perhaps I could work something; her sister married one of my cousins."

The moment he had said it he regretted it. The gun-room swarmed round him. He had better do something about it right now, they said, and escorted him ashore to the Ragged Staff steps, and shoved him, rather painfully, up them, giving him a hearty send-off that he could have dispensed with only too willingly. Freeman was anxious to have the show of the century—(*a*) to propitiate the Admiral, and (*b*) to take it out of the rival gun-room of H.M.S. *Thunderbolt*, who boasted about their snottie who could do hot jazz, ventril. and play the saxophone, and all at top speed.

Symons called at the hotel most reluctantly, for he was a shy young man. Although Rosemary had completely forgotten that her sister had married into the family, she saw Symons. Her heart was still aching for Hector, whom she couldn't get out of her hair, so that she warmed towards the R.N.

" Fancy seeing you ! " she said, when Symons had explained himself.

They had tea on the roof, and he told her about the entertainment. " It 's awful cheek of me asking you," he stammered.

" You want me to come to it ? "

" Well, not only that. I foolishly said your sister had married Edmund, and—and the other chaps rather pushed me into this. They wanted you to do a turn."

He looked so worried that she couldn't say no.

" Of course I will," she agreed.

He wouldn't have believed that it could be so easy. Just then the Admiral appeared for tea ashore. He glanced at Rosemary, decided that if it had to be a woman at all it was better blonde, and then spoke to Symons so amiably that Symons felt the *bon camaraderie* almost more dangerous than irritability.

" Introduce us, my boy," said the Admiral.

After that Symons beat it back to the Ragged Staff steps, which had become a golden ladder to Heaven. Now the gun-room might realise his true worth. This ought to put their show on the map, and how ! He wondered if he could hire a car and take Rosemary out to a picnic in the cork woods to-morrow. The gun-room messman would pack him a basket.

When the gun-room heard about it they were enchanted. The *Thunderbolt* was putting on a Kentucky Minstrel show, and this would be beaten to a frazzle by a real film-star. Even Freeman warmed to Symons.

It is true that the following afternoon Rosemary did picnic in the cork woods, but it was the Admiral's steward who made up the tea-basket, and the Admiral who was her companion. It was obviously his afternoon ! They sat listening to the cuckoo, and gathering the small mauve orchids that grew wild. The Admiral lost ten years during the afternoon, and to Rosemary he did not appear to be old but secure and attractive. She felt better than she had done for some time, gathering strength to face her next film—to be called " Here Comes the Lady "—and talking to this charming man.

" Dine with me in the ship ? " he requested.

She went on board in the sort of dress that the *Tigress* had not seen in years. The crew of the Admiral's barge could not believe their eyes when they saw it approaching. She was tall and willowy, in rose-pink both revealing and concealing—but naturally not too concealing—and her hair was twined with pink camellias.

" This is where the balloon goes up ! " said the Admiral's coxswain to himself.

They ate in his cabin. He had ordered something special, being more finicky than ever, and insistent that his digestive mixture should not be served as was usual with the dessert. It had to be the best dinner of all time, said he, and if it wasn't, he 'd . . . An apprehensive steward applied for a transfer on the strength of that dinner. Afterwards a few well-chosen officers had been invited in, as a royal command, and amongst them Hector Ford. He had no idea who was there until that frightful moment when he entered the Admiral's cabin and saw her sitting on the little chintz sofa and looking too lovely for words. She had the inestimable advantage of knowing he would be entering ; she had poise, and looking across at him, had apparently never seen him before. There was no doubt about it—she was quite the most gifted actress !

" By Jove ! " said Hector Ford to himself, and hoped he could get some gin quickly.

The Admiral seemed to be doing well ; he had arrived at the stage when he sat with his arm draped indolently along the back of the lady's sofa, which we all know is merely the preliminary to putting it lower. " The silly old fool ! " said Hector to himself.

THAT night such a gush of conversation went through the *Tigress* as had never been known before. Nobody could believe it. Never before had any woman been seen in the Admiral's cabin ; after all, he had earned that nickname for himself, yet here he was, going it hot and strong as a calf-lovesick snottie. Soon after eleven the next morning—not usually the old man's best hour—he was being shoved off in his barge to Ragged Staff steps, and he wasn't seen again until after midnight. Then he was laughing like a boy, and no longer smelling of heathery tweeds, but with a lingering tang of Chypre about him. " By jingo," said the officer of the watch as he saluted him on board, " by jingo, what a whiff ! "

Just then the Admiral appeared for tea ashore. He glanced at Rosemary, and then spoke to Symons amiably. " Introduce us, my boy "

Rosemary came to rehearse in the gun-room. They gave her tea, and had threatened the messman with the gravest penalties if he failed to produce éclairs. The messman did his best, and coughed up something which he hoped would pass as an éclair, but there he was wrong. When the party was over, three remaining ones were stuffed down the messman's throat by the irate gun-room, and most hideously sick they made him.

It was Symons who had to speak to Rosemary about the Admiral. " Why shouldn't Freeman mention it ? " he had protested, but Freeman could think of several reasons why he must be left out of it, and it fell to the unfortunate Symons.

" You are to be our big surprise at the show," he said. " We 've got to do the *Thunderbolt* in. But we 're afraid the Admiral may turn difficult if—if you are such great friends."

" Oh, Jackie won't say anything," she said. " I 'll talk to him. Besides, he 's much too nice to say bo to a goose."

He said, " You are good enough and sweet enough to be my lady," and then, very softly indeed, " Will you, Rosemary ? "

She liked him very much. She put out her hand and took his. " Darling," she said, and she kissed the Admiral then and there, with the tangerine tree behind them, and the flower-bed that has the Gibraltar coat of arms, and " Welcome " all written in begonias in a most involved pattern.

Even Admirals kiss in the Alameda. It had become the old Eden, Nirvana, what you will. They would have to be quick about this, because " Here Comes the Lady " was due at Denham so soon. They dined on board that night, with the gramophone playing tender records, chosen by the Admiral's steward. He was nervous for the old man, and kept playing " Lady, Be Good," but Flapjack John, treading the Elysian Fields, had no idea what tune it was, and never even noticed that the castle pudding had caught. When an Admiral fails to notice details of that sort, then indeed the bottom has dropped out of the world.

" Fancy his putting that one over the poor kid," said Symons to himself. It was quite a pleasant tea-party. Six of them got signed photographs, and afterwards the Sub took it out of " Piggy " Fortescue, who had gone streets ahead by getting Rosemary a couple of cap ribbons for garters, which may be an old stunt but always goes down well !

" And if you ask to see 'em on, I 'll lambast the hide off you," warned Freeman, a bully-beef young man, never spoiling any child through sparing the rod.

A week later the engagement was announced. It can't be true, they all said, thinking this would even turn the Rock volcanic. But it was true. It had come about in the Alameda, with the scent of damask rose and lily, and the bougainvillæa in a purple cloak tastefully concealing the *Caballeros*.

The Admiral had said, very tenderly, " I must seem very old to you, Rosemary dear," and she had replied truthfully that he did not seem old at all. In a confidential mood she told him a little about Hector Ford, and he realised that she had been desperately hurt. In a little broken voice she said, " You see, I wasn't a lady . . ." The Admiral turned sentimental.

" Have you heard that old Flapjack 's marrying her ? " said everyone next day.

The ward-room went to a jelly. The gun-room collapsed. The *Thunderbolt* sent over a rather suggestive signal. The lower deck sucked their teeth, and wondered if they would have to stump up for a mass present, which would be just too bad. Not but what they considered that old Flapjack knew a good piece of skirt when he saw it, and wouldn't have thought that he 'd got it in him.

But the gun-room suffered most. They'd been very uppish about their show, now in serious rehearsal. They had attended the *Thunderbolt's* Kentucky Minstrels, and had alluded to it as nursery charades.

" You wait," Freeman had told them. " We have the stupendous, the enormous, positively the one and only personal appearance, and all in glorious Technicolor ! "

The *Thunderbolt* Sub—known as the " Wart-Hog," owing to his rather noisy method of taking soup—was terse. Now there was the dreadful anticipation that if Rosemary were engaged to the Admiral, old Flapjack would never let her act for them. Once more Symons went ashore to scout. He supposed glumly that if he weren't wet at heart he 'd never accept all their dirty work, blast them, but what could he do ?

Rosemary was in a chaise-longue, eating *marons glacés* supplied by the Admiral's steward. " Hello, Sim," she said. Helplessly, he told her of the predicament. " But I promised you I would, and I will. Now, don't be silly, dear. Why should I worry what Jackie says ? Even if we get married that day, I shall be with you."

" I say, that 's darned sporting of you ! "

" You can rely on me. I 've booked it," and she smiled. She was so charming that he told her a few of his own troubles : his reputation in the gun-room, the fact that he was treated as a nobody. She knew how it felt.

Hector Ford was in a fury. His anxiety was as to how much old Flapjack knew of last summer's affair with Rosemary, and how far the engagement had crashed his personal chances of promotion. Hang it all, he had given her up to make sure of getting what he wanted, and now what ? She 's marrying the old fool out of pique, he told himself ; and there, of course, he was wrong ! Rosemary appreciated the virtues in Flapjack—virtues that his ship had never seen. She liked him enormously.

THE Admiral married her on the day of the gun-room theatricals. They went for the week-end to Algeciras, and the *Tigress* hoisted a wreath in his honour.

" I 'd have chosen to lower the Ensign to half-mast," said Hector glumly, " rather than hoist a wreath."

That night the Admiral's barge ferried the loving couple across for the snotties' show. After all, the Admiral had the most sporting moments. He wasn't old and stupid. He had a great mind.

The quarter-deck of the *Tigress* was brilliantly illuminated that night. All the afternoon there had been a feverish stir, everybody doing everything at the double, and now it was as radiant as fairyland. The gun-room of the *Thunderbolt* had arrived in force, and were they prepared to be critical ? They nursed no affections for the *Tigress*, prophesying that the show would be seedy. They were so full of themselves that they needed taking down a peg, and Freeman frothed for them. He felt immensely relieved when a sea-going cadet told him that Lady Phipps was alongside.

" Now for it. Good show ! " said Freeman.

The quarter-deck was crowded with officers and their ladies, and the gun-room, who have no ladies, all clustering in groups. The moon rose icily behind the Rock, and touched the water with golden ripples. The flags fluttered, and the Chinese lanterns stirred in colourful globules. The show opened with the gun-room *en bloc* giving their glee. It had been under-rehearsed, and was a poor item. " Six of the best apiece," said the snotties' nurse to himself. He loathed amateur theatricals, anyway !

A young man did good songs at the piano, followed by a sketch between Freeman and Symons, who had been made to act and hated it. Undoubtedly

Horror trickled down his spine. He and the Admiral's lady alone in his cabin, promotion slipping from him by knots, and he not knowing what to do

the gun-room of the *Thunderbolt* was enjoying itself ; they did not even have to exaggerate unduly to make their feelings known. Then Freeman appeared before the curtain.

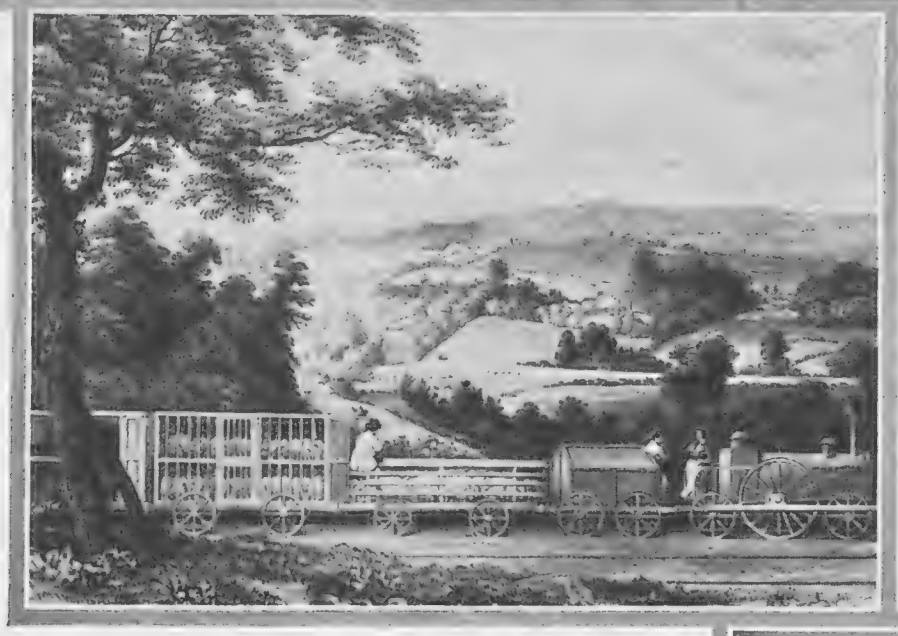
" Ladies and gentlemen—the surprise of the evening. The great, big, enormous surprise—Miss Rosemary Fayre ! "

The curtains swung back, and showed Rosemary, blonde, elegant and quite superb in her dead-white evening frock and the hair that looked as though it were made of yellow spun glass. Strong men grabbed for their gins, believing that they were seeing things. The gun-rooms went silent ; the Wart-Hog was heard to breathe " Christmas ! " and then go dumb. Officers' ladies woke up and wondered where on earth she bought her clothes. The quarter-deck was suddenly galvanised into life.

If ever Rosemary Fayre had been a success, it was that night. She was entrancingly tender. She sang divinely, she danced exquisitely, whilst gun-rooms goggled and ward-rooms cheered.

(Continued on page 51)

Frith's famous painting of Paddington Station as it looked in 1862. By now the railway journey had become an accepted part of the Englishman's life and created profound changes in his habits, just as it had changed the face of the country



(*On left*) An early goods train on the Great Western line, near Bath. One of the discoveries the travellers of the '40s made was the unexpected beauty of the countryside seen from the new viewpoint of the railway track

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Railway Retrospect

By John Williams

ON January 1, 1948, the British railways come under State control and a long chapter of railway history ends. It tells a memorable story of inventiveness, engineering skill, triumph over obstacles and rugged private enterprise that enabled us to lead the world in a new industry. And it tells another story, too—of those feverish days of gambling and speculation that men called the "Railway Mania."

The inventiveness, of course, came before the speculation. It was stimulated by the production boom of the Industrial Revolution, which showed how inadequate was the old form of transport, still limited to the modest speed of the beast of burden. Only when the horse had given way to the steam engine, wooden rails had been replaced by iron and passengers began to be carried as well as goods did the railways attract money, and then for a few hectic years it was poured into them in millions.

Back in the early eighteenth century, horse-drawn tubs, running on wooden rails, were used for hauling coal in the northern collieries. Then, in 1803, wood was discarded for metal, and Croydon was linked to Wandsworth by the Surrey Iron Railway. But it was still horse-drawn and only carried freight. The first (unofficial) steam-drawn passenger train ran in the following year, when seventy excited Welshmen went for a nine-mile trip on the goods trucks pulled by Trevithick's sensational engine.

There had been earlier steam engines. Newcomen, Watt and Murdoch had all produced them, stationary or self-propelled, in the eighteenth century, but the locomotive that George Stephenson introduced in a Newcastle colliery in 1814 was a real advance towards the model that was soon going to carry people as well as goods.

But there was still a reluctance to carry passengers by steam, for the

Louis Philippe of France travelling in the royal carriage with Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, about 1844. This was something he could not do in France, for his Ministers thought the novel mode of progress too dangerous

Stockton and Darlington line of 1825, the first public railway to use locomotives, hitched its passenger trucks to the plodding horse, reserving engines for its freight. The great date in railway history—the day when men and women first "hurtled" along behind one of the new puffing monsters—came in 1830.

On September 15 of that year the (*Continued on page 62*)

The Country Parson

HIS OFFICIAL DAY PROBABLY BEGINS WITH A SERVICE AT 8 A.M., AFTER WHICH, BACK TO THE VICARAGE FOR BREAKFAST

SUNDAY, OF COURSE, IS THE PARSON'S BUSY DAY. AFTER SUNDAY LUNCH COMES THE TURN OF THE YOUNGSTERS. SUNDAY SCHOOL AND YOUTH SERVICE OCCUPY MOST OF THE AFTERNOON

SATURDAY EVENING IS THE TIME WHEN THE PARSON RETIRES TO THE SECLUSION OF HIS STUDY TO PONDER ON THE SERMONS FOR THE SABBATH

"A Man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wished to change his place;"

WHEN Oliver Goldsmith penned his immortal words in "The Deserted Village," he little thought that 150 years after the country parson would be "passing poor on four hundred pounds a year"!

Many laymen to-day are unfortunately still inclined to regard the clergy in the same light as did Goldsmith. But the average country parson is no rich ecclesiastic blessed with a bountiful share of this world's riches. In most cases he is a hard-worked man who labours seven days a week in an immense variety of parochial tasks, many of which his parishioners never even connect with their vicar.

His official day probably begins with a service at 8 a.m., after which back to the vicarage for breakfast. The morning is often spent in visiting his widely scattered flock by bike; chatting, inquiring, helping, sympathizing, the parson has at all times to be of service to his people. With a large scattered parish such as many of the country livings, the parson has to travel many miles to keep in touch with everybody. If he is very lucky he has a car, but normally shanks's pony or a pushbike have to suffice.

Meetings and services occupy him most evenings of the week. Missions, youth clubs, confirmation classes, and a vast amount of clerical work, all take up a great deal of time, especially if the church is keen and go-ahead.

Often the vicarage is large and barn-like, relic of Victorian pomposity when your acceptance into the community was judged by the size of your estate. This involves a great expense on the parson, and a generous slice of his meagre

IN THE SPRING COMES ROGATIONTIDE, WHEN THE ANCIENT SERVICE OF ASKING GOD'S BLESSING ON THE CROPS AND FUTURE HARVEST IS CARRIED OUT IN THE OPEN FIELDS OF THE PARISH

How His Life Is Spent During A Seven-Day Week Looking After His Parishioners

Written and Photographed by Gwyneth Pennethorne

MEETINGS, SERVICES AND CONFIRMATION CLASSES, FOR WHICH THE PARSON HAS TO INSTRUCT ALL THE CANDIDATES HIMSELF, OCCUPY HIS TIME MOST EVENINGS OF THE WEEK

THE PARSON HAS TO SQUEEZE IN WHAT TIME HE CAN ON THE USUALLY LARGE GROUNDS OF THE VICARAGE

income goes in maintaining the vicarage. With a large house goes a large garden, and four hundred a year does not allow for a full-time gardener to be kept, so the parson has to squeeze in what time he can on the grounds. But he is usually a great fount of expert knowledge on the subject of gardens and nature in general, in keeping with his famous predecessor, Gilbert White of Selborne.

Different seasons bring their annual duties.

The Sunday school treat is looked forward to eagerly by the entire juvenile population of the village and is usually a boisterous, cheerful affair that leaves a lasting impression on all that is talked about around the winter fires in months to come.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TREAT IS LOOKED FORWARD TO EAGERLY BY THE POPULATION OF THE VILLAGE AND IS USUALLY A CHEERFUL, BOISTEROUS AFFAIR

IN the spring comes Rogationtide, when the ancient service of asking God's blessing on the crop and future harvest is carried out in the open fields of the parish. It provides a very beautiful setting for the country lover to ponder on the joys and bountiful gifts of Nature to Man.

Saturday evenings are usually sacrosanct. This is the time when the parson retires to the seclusion of his study to ponder on the sermons for the Sabbath. This is the one time in the whole week when he wants to be left alone.

Sunday, of course, is the parson's day of work. Sometimes as many as six services have to be crowded in the day. Starting with an early Communion service at 7 or 8 o'clock, the parson follows this up with Matins or Sung Eucharist at 11 o'clock, normally followed by another Communion for those unable to attend the early service.

After lunch comes the turn of the youngsters, and the Sunday school and youth service occupy most of the afternoon. After a breathing space for tea, there comes the Evensong at six thirty.

And so it goes on, and to misquote Mr. Churchill:

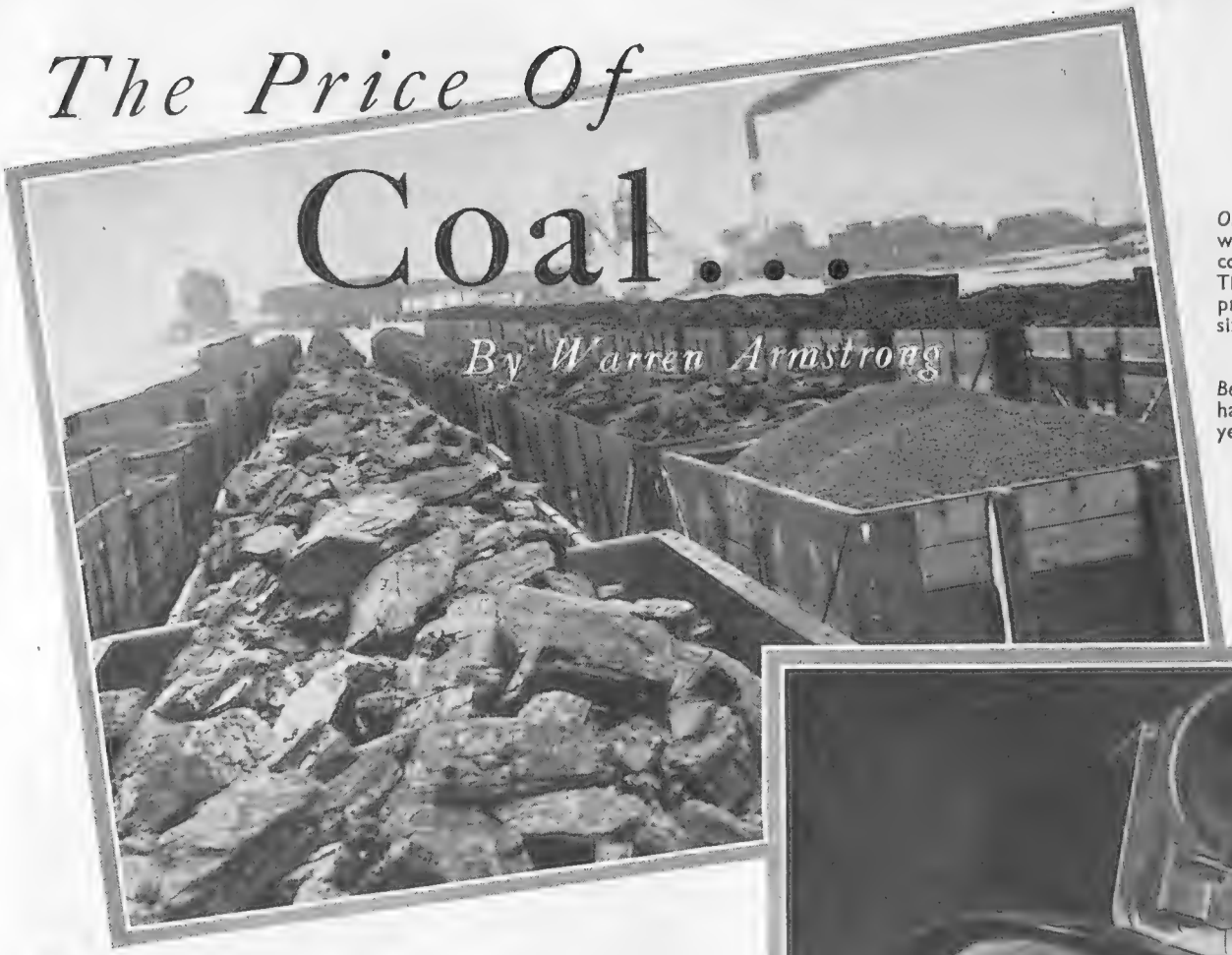
"How much is done for so many by so few for so little. . . ."

AN EVENT IN THE PARSON'S LIFE IS WHEN THE BISHOP VISITS HIS CHURCH TO CONFIRM THE CONFIRMATION CANDIDATES. THE BISHOP, PARSON AND CANDIDATES PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE VICARAGE GARDEN AFTER THE CONFIRMATION

The Price Of

Coal...

By Warren Armstrong



On left: Wagons loaded with different sorts of coal in the sidings at Thorns Colliery, which produces approximately sixteen thousand tons of coal a week

Below: Alfred Hunt who has over twenty-five years service in the Dudley mine

THE last shot had been fired, the last act of surrender staged. And the world turned away from scenes of bleak destruction to look with hope towards a new, a better future. But, as the post-war years slipped uneasily past, in Britain at least, deep-rooted industrial disputes stabbed at the vitals of a nation; made the Little Man and his wife wonder whether, after all, this peace would prove to be just another abstract pipedream. Back of that fear was a vital reason.

Under the Versailles Treaty the United Kingdom was to be supplied with Ruhr coal; reparations or no, the agreement seemed to threaten our greatest national industry with an almost certain crippling loss of trade. Preparing to face it, the mine-owners reduced the miner's wages, but the reduction was not equalled by lower food costs. The men grew sullen. The problem was becoming dangerous. And, in that autumn of 1925, trouble broke; embittered by years of unfulfilled pledges, more than 1,000,000 miners were ready to stop work. They looked to their unions, and their union bosses sought adequate support for the "cause."

Fearing a complete breakdown in industry at a time when Britain was fighting for prosperity, the Government played for time; £25,000,000 was voted to subsidize the mines during the approaching winter. And certain not-so-eminent folk boasted that "this coming battle will break the power of organized labour for ever!" Winter gave way begrudgingly before spring, 1926 . . . and in the mining areas murmurs became louder. At long last, they muttered, injustice must be righted, *no matter what the cost!*

The mine-owners offered terms. They were rejected; a decision which meant the possible lockout of one million miners. On May 1, 1926, a card vote showed: For stoppage, 3,653,527; against, 49,511. And at nightfall the Prime Minister called to the nation: "Keep steady!" By dawn, Britain was paralysed; no transport, trade at a standstill, factories, mills and docks silent pools of inactivity. And then . . . tanks, armoured cars, guns and troops moved into London, Liverpool, Southampton, Hull, Bristol, Glasgow, Manchester. Warships swung slowly at anchor in wide fairways, their guns menacing the shores. And just around the corner famine and riot could break out at any moment. . . .

It was touch-and-go. But, on May 12, the T.U.C. called the strike off. The miners could fight no longer. A battle had been lost to the only obvious winner . . . to King Coal, who had scored yet another grim victory—*over everybody*.

MEMORIES can sometimes be disturbing when you turn back the pages. . . . I remember coming ashore in Liverpool on that tragic morning of May 2, 1926. My thoughts had gone back then to other men who were slaves of the shovel . . . men of the "Ash Cat" breed. Men who, like miners, knew the precise value of coal, and who would willingly give their last ounce of energy doing *their* job. You see, the "ash cats" are animated by a strange sense of pride; coal supplies heat to bring water to the boil to produce steam, so, in the order of things, releasing pent-up energy to turn a ship's screw. And the men I was thinking of as I walked the line of docks shovel the coal into furnaces . . . in fact, come to think of it, they shovel Britain's merchantmen across the world and back.

Yes, better than many, the "ash cats" know the real meaning of coal . . . men like a "subversive element" who sailed with me on many a voyage: "Geordie" Gordon, ex-miner who quit the coal-face for a fireman's shovel in the bowels of a British tramp freighter. . . .

Unexpectedly, he turned his back on the sea after the Normandy landings, and, last week, travelling north, I decided to fulfil a long-standing invitation to visit him in his new job; it was the first chance I had had in two years.

I knocked at the door of a decaying cottage, and a voice called querulously: "Whoever it is, come in."

The speaker was slumped in a high-backed chair, planted unsteadily before a dying fire. Through the single window of the room I could see a vast grey heap which was once good slag, but which is now just so much unwanted dirt. Behind that monstrous pile, striding across the deserted countryside, are the girder-skeletons of what was (*Continued on page* 56)

Scottish Marriage

Love Is Blind And Knows No Wrong

By Mary Just

SUNLIGHT, the spring sunlight of the year 1865, glowed on a large bowl of tulips in one of the windows, turning their white to a warm ivory, and their pink stripes to a vivid loveliness. Outside, the gardener was mowing the bowling-green, which lay close beneath the shelter of the tall Highland castle; the purring of the mowing-machine made a pleasant sort of accompaniment to Justina's singing within. Her mother, that high-cheeked, narrow-eyed lady, was seated at the piano.

"Come away now, my dear. Do it again. You haven't got it quite right."

She played the prelude to the old song once more, while her daughter stood by the piano with the tips of her fingers just touching it, and her eyes full of dreams.

"Justina," said Mrs. Beatson sharply.

"I'm sorry, Mama. I was thinking."

"You can think later, my dear. Just now you're supposed to be practising your singing. Monsieur Duvier will be here at three, and he expects you to have this perfect."

Justina smiled, a smile warm and full of peace and pleasure. It seemed, or would seem to anyone who looked at her with seeing eyes, that all her world was ashine with sunlight, just as the material world outside was basking in the light of spring and the promise of coming beauty. Mrs. Beatson, however, was a practical woman. She and her husband were paying "good money" to have Justina taught singing by the middle-aged Frenchman who had settled years ago in the nearby town, and the obvious thing for Justina to do was to practise and to make the lessons worth while. This, indeed, they promised to become, for she had a clear, soft, and very charming voice.

"Now, my dear," said her mother again, and played once more through the prelude. This time Justina sang, her small breasts uplifted, her lips widely parted, her eyes shining, fingertips of one hand still lightly resting on the piano. There seemed to be no effort, she sang as a bird sings, rejoicing in the sunshine and youth and happiness of living.

"My true love hath my heart and I have his,
By just exchange one to the other given:
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven:
My true love hath my heart and I have his.

"His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:
He loves my heart, for it was once his own,
I cherish his, because in me it bides:
My true love hath. . . . "

The door was flung open with a violent crash.

"Och, Mistress Beatson, that's the terrible news come in. Och, the poor laddie!"

Old Marget, the cook, stood in the doorway, her face blubbered with crying, her old hands, shaking with excitement, wrapped in her apron.

"Marget! What in the world . . .?"

"Och, the poor, poor lad. Drooned, drooned in the Witches' Burn. They found his body at noon after a wild search."

"What in the world are you talking of, Marget? Who is it? How terrible. Speak."

"It's young Lachlan Campbell, ma'am, that fine young man. He never cam' hame last nicht at a', and they've been searchin' and searchin'. They found his body at noontide. Och, is't no' terrible? His poor faither and mither, I canna but think of them. And . . . oh, ma'am look. Look, *quick*. Miss Justina."

There was a little rustling sound of soft slipping, and Justina lay insensible.

IT was about seven o'clock that same evening, and Mr. Beatson, Geoffrey Beatson, Esquire, of Killinn Castle, was sitting by the great fire in the castle drawing-room, his hands spread out on his broad knees, a frown between his brows. He was the typical Victorian husband and father of his day, stern, autocratic, tending to stoutness, with a hard-set

"IT'S young Lachlan Campbell, ma'am. They found his body at noontide"

mouth, and thick dark brows and whiskers, which, unlike his hair, had not yet begun to silver over. His wife stood in the doorway, looking uncertain and perplexed.

"Well, Christina?" He spoke without looking up. "What does the doctor say?"

"He has asked to speak to Justina alone. I asked him if that was really needful, and he was almost rude. He said 'Good God, Madam, allow me to know my own business.'"

The eyes of husband and wife met. Neither spoke. Mrs. Beatson came to the fire and sat down in a high-backed Queen Anne armchair, mechanically picking up some embroidery, which lay in its frame on a work-table near. There was complete silence save for the ticking of a grandfather clock in one corner of the room.

It might have been a quarter of an hour later that Dr. Gibson came quietly in. His manner was strangely withheld, as he shut the door behind him and came to the fire.

"Well, doctor?" said Mr. Beatson.

The doctor pulled forward a chair and sat down, with maddeningly deliberate movements. Mr. and Mrs. Beatson both looked at him in a puzzled manner.

"Well, doctor?" said the mother this time. "What do you think of her? What is it? Why is she so strange? What made her faint like that?"

Dr. Gibson pulled out a large silk handkerchief of brilliant pattern, and blew his nose like a trumpet.

"Mistress Beatson," he said at last. "Had you any notion of a love affair between Justina and any of the lads here around?"

Illustrations By Jack Faulks

"*No*, doctor! She has always been most circumspect. Of course, she is admired. I have sometimes fancied that that young Duvier, the son of the singing-master, has an impertinent way of looking at her, but *my daughter* would never be likely to. . . . What do you mean, Dr. Gibson?" Her voice suddenly rose nearly an octave. "What do you mean?"

"I asked if Justina had, to your knowledge, been having a love-affair. That's plain enough, isn't it?"

"Of course she has not. Why do you ask that? What has happened? What could . . . what *could*?" She broke off. "Nothing could have happened," she cried, as if fending off with a sudden horror the thought that was pressing upon her.

"Something has happened, Mrs. Beatson. Something has happened," he repeated. "Something as old as Time and as young as to-day's spring buds in the garden."

"Doctor! what do you mean?"

"I mean that your daughter is two months pregnant. That, Madam," said Dr. Gibson concisely, "is what I mean."

"Good God in heaven!" said Justina's father.

"That is what one sometimes wonders," was Dr. Gibson's rather obscure reply.

"But doctor," said the mother again, helpless, bewildered.

"I am under no mistake, Madam. Indeed, she made no pretence of denying anything to me."

"Did she tell you who . . . ?"

"It was young Campbell, who was drowned in the Witches' Burn last night."

"*The son of my butcher?*"

"So it appears. It seemed that they danced together at the New Year Ball given by the Yeomanry."

"I remember," said Mrs. Beatson with a grey face. She remembered, too, that if it had not been a special occasion, when all danced and mingled together, she would have interfered, when young Campbell came and bowed to Justina and asked for the honour of a dance. There had been something in the way they looked at each other, which she had not liked.

"After that, they took to meeting once or twice a week at the bottom of your garden here, by the lower gate, when all was dark. She would slip out through the wee postern door. She told me all I asked, very quietly. I doubt whether she has shed a tear."

"I wonder she has not more shame," cried the mother fiercely.

"Do you forget she is but sixteen? She loved, and she believed him. There is no more to it. It's as old as the hills, that story. I wouldn't like to mention my opinion of him. He's dead. Let him rest."

Silence, while the old clock ticked on ponderously. Mr. Beatson, after his first violent ejaculation, still sat dumb, hands on his knees, eyes staring before him. His wife looked helplessly from one man to the other.

"I'm leaving a draught to make her sleep to-night," said Dr. Gibson. "Here it is. I'll be back in the morning to see her. Meanwhile, let her be. She's had a terrible shock. Be careful."

He walked to the door and let himself out, without any further remark or even a good-night.

"John! What are we to . . . ?"

Mr. Beatson looked up and spoke through set teeth.

"Fetch that girl down from her room."

"No no, John. You can't do that. You heard what the doctor said."

"Am I master here? Fetch her down. She has sinned, and she must pay."

Mrs. Beatson almost ran from the room. Husbands were husbands in those days, and their word was law. Her face, pale and agonized with shame and distress, was lifted skywards as she mounted the narrow curling stone stairway.

"Lord," she said. "You'll need to deal with this. It's beyond me. Amen."

She entered Justina's room without knocking. It was a small chamber, furnished in a pink and white chintz, the window looking west over the unresting seas that cradle the Hebrides. Justina was lying quite still, her arms lying listlessly outside the quilt. Her face was deadly white, her eyes closed, there was no expression there at all.

"Justina," said her mother, half reproving, half timid. Never in all her ordered and stately life had she felt so utterly incapable of coping with any situation. She spoke, almost without volition on her own part, the one thought that was hammering at her brain.

"The butcher's son. Justina!"

Justina opened her eyes, and they were like the eyes of a dead thing. She looked at her mother, then dropped the lids again.

"Your father wants you below," said Mrs. Beatson.

"I can't go down." She spoke faintly.

"He has ordered it."

She brought the girl's dressing-gown, a Paisley patterned close-fitting garment, all brilliant hues on a dark background.

"Here," she said. "You'll need to come down, Justina."

"It doesn't matter," said Justina. "Nothing does."

She sat up, dragged herself off the bed, pulled on the Paisley dressing-gown, and a pair of red slippers lying by the bed, then, without even a glance in the mirror, turned to the door, still moving like one in a dream. Her mother followed her down the stair, her heart beating uncomfortably. Of course, her husband knew best, and Justina was a sinner, but the child looked uncanny, almost like one dead. She wished the doctor were still below.

Mr Beatson had lit the candles, and

their mellow light was mingling with the leaping of the firelight in the wide old-fashioned hearth. Strange shadows lurked and sallied and retreated in different parts of the room, but the firelight was shining on his face, white as ivory and as hard. On a little table before him lay the great family Bible, open, and a candle burned next to it.

"Come you here," he said to his daughter.

As though nothing mattered less to her, Justina idly approached him, until she was within three feet of his chair. Mr. Beatson put on his gold-rimmed spectacles and laid one finger on the open Book. Then he cleared his throat.

"I am told by Dr. Gibson that you are with child by young Campbell, the butcher's son," he said.

Justina simply looked at him. She did not speak. Her eyes were still dead—dead.

"He has met with his judgment already," said her father. "The Lord's punishments are swift and sure. Sometimes He strikes, sometimes He leaves it to us to carry out His will. I have brought you up virtuously and godly, Justina. This is how you have repaid me."

"Lachlan said it was all right," said Justina pitifully. Her voice, for the first time shook a little. "He said when two (*Continued on page* 61)

"THEN you also know, sir, that this little one, whom you seem to pity, is no more than a common woman," said Mr. Beatson violently

TIDE INTO TOMORROW

People Who Drop One Job For Another Don't Always Regret It

By C. Patrick Thompson

BRICKMAKING was his job, apprentice to man. He was making good money—as money went in those fantastic days, with matches a penny a dozen, beer twopence a pint, beef sixpence a pound, and a cottage half a crown a week—when a slump arrived, people stopped building, the brickyard closed, and the brickmaker used family influence to get a job with an uncle who was head gardener on a ducal estate.

Though it was quite a jump from clay to chrysanthemums, bricks to begonias, he began to like the job, and ended by being absorbed. Bricks you just made of puddled clay in wood moulds. You fired them, off they went, you never saw them again. But here you put seeds in the earth, and they sprang to life. You tended them and they became things of beauty or sustenance. They repaid your toil and care.

He never returned to the brickfield; and in the ripeness of time he came to me, a man sound and satisfying as a hand-fashioned oak refectory table from an old-time workshop.

I didn't know my gardener had started as a brickmaker until, having to write this article, I mentioned the theme to him as we considered the location for a new asparagus bed. Thousands, maybe millions, of people were having to change their jobs. If they weren't being axed from the Services, or some Control Commission, or the British Council, or the pools, dog-tracks, or interior decorating firms, they were being forced out of business by fuel cutdowns or shortages of materials, by permit refusals or exchange controls, or they were forced, or in fear of being forced, from one job to another presumed more essential. And there was much grousing and groaning. Some talked as though their lives had come to an end.

My gardener drawled: "I had to change my job. I reckon it was the best thing ever happened to me." I daresay some of those whose jobs are changing now will be saying the same thing years hence. I've come across a few lately who have no regrets. One was a prosperous small farmer, running his Devon farm with his wife and a hired boy. Five years ago he was an editor, and all he knew about farming was what he read in books. Another was a middle-aged ex-regular officer, doing well with a thriving small cannery. A third had resigned from the Colonial Service and returned from Africa to earn a living as a market-gardener and pig-keeper. He seemed to be doing all right, especially with the pigs.

These job upheavals are often not such a bad thing. Men are blasted out of ruts and find new opportunities; they lose comfortable businesses, and find better ones. There was a young glove salesman who throve in his American tariff-protected market. Suddenly a political move wrecked the protecting wall. Our friend's business faded as competition arrived from overseas. A little later he was telling his friends: "Goldfish is now in the moving-picture business." He changed his name to Goldwyn. Film-maker Goldwyn must often shake hands with glove-salesman Goldfish and congratulate the latter on the disaster which lost him his job.

Chance meetings frequently spring-board a man from one job into another. Young Thomas, an engineering student, went into the first World War, taught stunt flying at Heliopolis, was demobilized, and started to write technical articles. He had been earning his living that way for five years when he joined a party of other journalists for a tour of Mr. Morris's up-and-coming motor car factory. Morris noticed that the young man made no notes. A bit sharply he asked why. "I don't need to," replied Thomas coolly. "I know all this." When the others had gone, Morris asked Thomas to stay. They had a talk. As a result the technical journalist went to work for the motor car manufacturer as adviser on sales promotion. Now he's Sir Miles Thomas, until recently (*Contd. on page* 52)

At sweet seventeen Eliza was a talented singer with an enchanting voice. She was called "The Siren," toasted as the Beauty of Bath and had already rejected many noble suitors

THE LOVELY MISS LINLEY

Sheridan's Elopement And Secret Marriage With The Beautiful Young Bath Singer.

Illustrations by JACK MATTHEW.

IT happens to few to elope and marry unintentionally, by accident; but that is what young Richard Brinsley Sheridan and lovely Elizabeth Linley did in the spring of 1772.

At sweet seventeen Eliza was a talented singer with an enchanting voice, a "divinity" of whom an admirer wrote: "My very faculties are annihilated with wonder, my conception could not form such a power of voice, such a melody, such a soft yet so audible tone." She was called "The Siren," toasted as the Beauty of Bath, and had already rejected many noble suitors. One, the rich—if over-fifty—Walter Long of Whaddon had even agreed to pay her musician father £1,000 as compensation for the loss of her services at his concerts, and ended by paying £3000 to call off the match when she told him tearfully that she "loved another."

This "other" was a rake and adventurer, Captain Mathews; and evidently it had little effect on her romantic passion when he side-stepped to marry a Welsh heiress for her money and then set out to seduce Eliza in earnest, threatening to publish her sentimental letters—or shoot himself with a pistol—if she did not comply.

"Have pity on me!" she sobbed. "Do not tempt me too far. I am only a weak girl, too fond of you to resist for ever."

She even thought of suicide as the only way out, and after he had visited her one Sunday while the family was at church, solemnly made out her will, wrote him a tragic farewell letter, and gulped laudanum from the medicine cupboard. The family returned in time to rescue her from a faint and administer an emetic.

What now, in her dire extremity? Go and pour out her story to her friends, the Sheridan sisters, Lissy and Betsy, whose family had recently settled in Bath! She must flee from the villain's clutches, they urged, to France, and stay in a convent at St. Quentin, where they knew an old friend, Mme. Hemin, who would help. But how? Brother Dick must be consulted.

Tall, attractive at twenty, Dick was busy sowing his wild oats in that fashionable " School for Scandal " which was to yield him not only gallant *affaires* but a playwright's fame. But all the innate chivalry of the young buck was inflamed by the maiden's distress. His first impulse was to find Mathews and thrash the life out of him. His sisters, however, pleaded that Eliza's safety was the first consideration, and Dick must escort her. . . .

On a fateful March night the Linley family is at a concert at the Assembly Rooms—all except Eliza, who has pleaded illness. Lissy is helping her to pack, while Dick, downstairs, writes Mr. Linley a letter of explanation, exposing Mathews' villainy. Near the Crescent waits a sedan-chair to carry her to the post-chaise in Walcot Street. And who should turn up—having heard that Eliza would not be at the concert—but Mathews. . . .

Instantly Dick thinks up one of those stratagems which he is to use with such effect in his plays. *Whist!* He is there on a secret affair of honour in which he may need Mathews' advice. If Mathews will leave quietly and meet him later . . .

Near the Crescent waits a sedan-chair to carry her to the post-chaise in Walcot Street. And who should turn up—having heard that Eliza would not be at the concert—but Mathews

Dick and Eliza get a cargo-boat to Dunkirk and another to Calais. On the crossing Eliza is so ill that Dick's chivalrous heart is smitten and he pleads, for her protection in a foreign land, they should go through a form of marriage

And Mathews, with a nose for intrigue, complies.

AWAY go the young couple, jolting through the night and next day to London, with the wife of a Sheridan servant as chaperon. In London it is *whist!* again. Dick confides to friends that he is eloping with an heiress. They get a cargo-boat to Dunkirk, another to Calais, and on the crossing poor Eliza is so sick—worse than from the emetic—that Dick's chivalrous heart is smitten. For her protection in a foreign land, he pleads, they should go through a form of marriage—merely a form, and nothing more. A Calais priest obliges, and they proceed to Lille, not St. Quentin, where Eliza lodges with an English doctor and his wife.

Dick, presumably, was the perfect little gentleman on this madcap adventure, for Eliza confessed later: "It was that delicacy, that tender compassion, that interest which you seemed to take in my welfare that were the motives which induced me to love you." Mr. Linley, too, had an interest in her welfare—and his own—not only as father but as concert *maestro* sadly deprived of her valuable talent. He went post-haste to Lille to bring her back, Dick returning with them.

Meantime, Mathews—hearing of the flight from Dick's brother Charles, himself jealously in love with Eliza—was so furious at losing his prey that he wrote a letter to the *Bath Chronicle* defending himself and abusing Dick. Discovering this on his return, Dick went pell-mell to Mathews' London lodgings at Crutched Friars, got him out of bed after midnight, and wrangled with him until the morning. Mathews had threatened a duel, but wasn't very combative that night, despite the fact that he 'd been dragged out of a sleep in his nightshirt—or because of it?

LATER a duel was fixed—on Dick's challenge. Mathews chose swords, and they met, with their seconds and a doctor, at the "ring" in Hyde Park. Although it was evening, Mathews kept changing the site on the plea that there were still people about; then proposed that they adjourn to the Hercules Pillars tavern until the Park was deserted. From here they proceeded to others. The "duel," in fact, became a tavern crawl by post-chaise, with both combatants loading up liquor instead of letting out blood, and the seconds and "doc." mightily enjoying themselves.

Finally, while they could still stand and see straight, they came to business in an upper room of the Castle Tavern, Henrietta Street—rapiers flashing in the candlelight. *Clink, clang* went the blades until Dick disarmed his opponent, who "begged his life." "Granted," agreed the victor; and after a quibble on etiquette, broke the Captain's sword, much to his annoyance, accepted an apology in writing for the *Chronicle* attack, and returned to Bath a hero, to meet his Eliza secretly in a grotto summer-house by the Avon

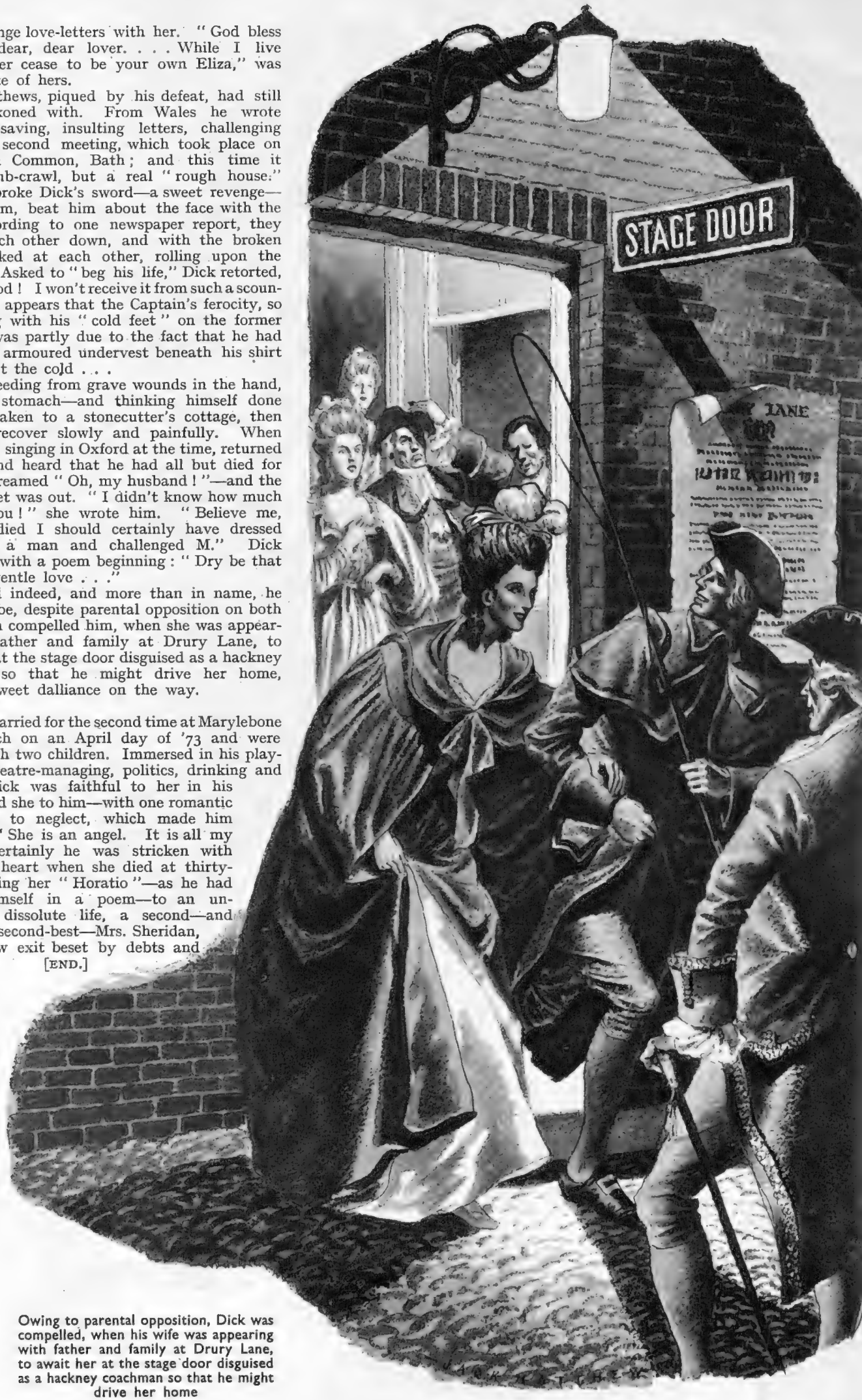
and exchange love-letters with her. " God bless you, my dear, dear lover. . . . While I live I can never cease to be your own Eliza," was the keynote of hers.

But Mathews, piqued by his defeat, had still to be reckoned with. From Wales he wrote Dick face-saving, insulting letters, challenging him to a second meeting, which took place on Kingsdown Common, Bath; and this time it was no pub-crawl, but a real " rough house." Mathews broke Dick's sword—a sweet revenge—stabbed him, beat him about the face with the hilt. According to one newspaper report, they " threw each other down, and with the broken pieces hacked at each other, rolling upon the ground." Asked to " beg his life," Dick retorted, " No, by God ! I won't receive it from such a scoundrel ! " It appears that the Captain's ferocity, so contrasting with his " cold feet " on the former occasion, was partly due to the fact that he had donned an armoured undervest beneath his shirt to keep out the cold . . .

Dick, bleeding from grave wounds in the hand, neck and stomach—and thinking himself done for—was taken to a stonecutter's cottage, then home to recover slowly and painfully. When Eliza, who, singing in Oxford at the time, returned to Bath and heard that he had all but died for her, she screamed " Oh, my husband ! "—and the Calais secret was out. " I didn't know how much I loved you ! " she wrote him. " Believe me, had you died I should certainly have dressed myself as a man and challenged M." Dick responded with a poem beginning : " Dry be that tear, my gentle love . . ."

Husband indeed, and more than in name, he proved to be, despite parental opposition on both sides which compelled him, when she was appearing with father and family at Drury Lane, to await her at the stage door disguised as a hackney coachman so that he might drive her home, enjoying sweet dalliance on the way.

THEY married for the second time at Marylebone Church on an April day of '73 and were blessed with two children. Immersed in his playwriting, theatre-managing, politics, drinking and gaming, Dick was faithful to her in his fashion, and she to him—with one romantic lapse, due to neglect, which made him exclaim : " She is an angel. It is all my fault." Certainly he was stricken with a contrite heart when she died at thirty-eight, leaving her " Horatio "—as he had named himself in a poem—to an unanchored, dissolute life, a second—and decidedly second-best—Mrs. Sheridan, and a slow exit beset by debts and poverty. [END.]



Owing to parental opposition, Dick was compelled, when his wife was appearing with father and family at Drury Lane, to await her at the stage door disguised as a hackney coachman so that he might drive her home

She always arrived in a flurry at the last moment...

The Madonna Of The Sleeping Cars

—*Without The Sleeping Cars*

By Ferdinand Tuohy

SHE always arrived in a flurry at the last moment and would leave a trail of perfume, an aroma of beauty parlour, as she jingled up the platform, hugging jewel case and fashion magazines, and surrounded by a vocal and gesticulating posse : the "Man from Cook's" waving tickets, a brace of porters shoving a passage, a maid *Oh-mon-dieu-ing* about the luggage, a chasseur bearing flowers, a gigolo bearing Toutou, and an old fool bearing up.

She just had time to pose on the step of the coach ("*Au revoir et merci*") before the attendant deferentially motioned her inside, and a moment later she had subsided sighingly in a corner of her compartment. Whither bound? Did it matter? Rome, Deauville, Berlin, Venice, Madrid, Cannes, St. Moritz, Constantinople —the international trains knew her type well. The classy "Not-quite" in quest of bank balances; willing to trade, but insisting on a modicum of glamour and romance.

At the height of the hectic 'twenties there had even been a best-seller written around her : *The Madonna of the Sleeping Cars*. For these Rome and Orient expresses could provide admirable starting points to her adventures. There were things about a sleeping car that peculiarly aided her, such as its suggestion of monied independence, the staff deference it brought, the way it kept males guessing—and longing from a sensation of nearness to the unescorted, oomph-exuding unknown.

Who was she? Where was she going? Wheels, wheels might not answer in the night. Yet Wagon-Lits attendants could be persuaded into indiscretions—although it could happen that these were not unknown, in advance, to a particular madonna. Thus, when the handsome count or the expensive merchant pressed her to alter her destination, say, from Rome to the Lido, her tactic would be a protracted and tantalizing resistance, though she was headed for the Lido all the time.

Sometimes a madonna involved herself in other matters besides a deft merging with the international set as it whirled from resort to capital, and capital to resort. She was a useful carrier of papers, documents and shares, that had to be kept from prying Customs hands. She queened it at the frontiers by scented wafts of sex appeal and an invisible palm-greasing. The touch of her palm was something. Was.

TO-DAY you may comb the handful of international trains that run and scarce come upon her like save on the Paris–Riviera luxury expresses. What with travel bans and currency mazes, occupied zones and political curtains, piercing frontier searches and priority bookings, the glamorous adventuress whose secret was mobility, is little more than a ghost surviving in the lore of Wagon-Lits attendants.

The fade-out is not for lack of would-be successors. There never was a time of greater feminine urge to use the sleeping cars of the Continent as magic carpets. Paying small heed to the dark clouds rolling up, or, maybe, in some degree on account of them, lovelies with adventure in their bones chafe at having to remain tethered. They feel exasperatingly fenced in just while they're at their best. They are ready to do most things. In Germany alone, there are enough of the madonna type to fill whole trains of sleeping coaches. There you will find advertisements of this description :

War widow, twenty-six, cabaret artist and beauty prizewinner, desires husband on staff of, or waiter at, international restaurant.

She is out after the food to be obtained at these places approved by the Allies. How much more would she like to get on an international restaurant car, married to a steward ! She could always get off.

Again, this one :

Film star, Dietrich parts, earning labourer's wage, wishes to meet butcher with view to setting up common establishment.

Such ones are the very stuff of madonnas, and, had they the opportunity, would stand a better chance of getting into circulation than the rare ones who still try to charm their way over frontiers in the old style. Whatever has come over frontier officials, whether politics or puritanism, they no longer succumb to madonnas using the old technique. I've watched it.

Your gloves—they are turned inside out finger by finger.

Your handbag—it is completely ransacked.

Your coat—the lining is minutely felt up and down and crossways.

Your hair—the more it is swept and piled up, almost demurely like decades ago, the more peremptory the summons. Any objection to taking it down, and its possessor is ordered away to be stripped, have her clothes turned inside out, her hair searched for hidden treasure.

Back in the sleeping car after one such session, the attendant aired his experience. "It goes badly with that kind now. She tried to buy her way in here. But I am full, always full, with priorities and unbreakable reservations. And it is no longer practical to hide the little ladies in strange corners. Everything is examined. I'll tell you . . ." and then he did throw a fresh light on matters.

It was true (*Continued on page* 51)

Film star wishes to meet butcher with view to setting up common establishment

War widow, beauty prize-winner, desires husband on staff of international restaurant

The frauleins who allow themselves to be packed away in kitbags

The Corpse That Came Back

Who Killed Germaine, The Young And Beautiful Wife Of Marcel Ferre?

By C. V. Tench

IT was so downright uncanny the three girls were terrified! For almost an hour now as they had paddled a canoe on Lake Chambon, France, on that summer's evening, a lengthy object wrapped in an old sleeping-bag and tied with thick cords had kept following in the wake of their boat. Again and again the girls had pushed it away with their paddles, and again and again the half-submerged bundle had come stealing silently after them.

At last one of the girls cried half-hysterically: "I cannot stand it any longer! The thing is haunting us! Come! Let us tie a rope to it and tow it to land."

A few minutes later they reached the shore and their cries brought others hurrying to the beach. Among them was jovial Monsieur Martin, proprietor of the Blue Pavilion. He laughed at their fears.

"No doubt just some rubbish a camper tried to dispose of," he chuckled. "I will show you."

Stooping, he cut the cords and unwrapped the canvas—and recoiled with a startled gasp, a gasp that was echoed by all, for staring up at them sightlessly in the pale moonlight was the dead face of a young girl!

M'sieur Martin was the first to recover. "Mon Dieu!" he breathed. "I have seen her before but cannot recall her name. Does anyone know her?"

Madame Chaput, proprietress of the nearby Hotel du Lac Chambon, stepped forward and stared down at the body, then said hushedly: "It is Germaine Goy!"

"She is no longer Germaine Goy," put in another woman, crowding forward. "A little over a year ago she married Marcel Ferre at Claremont-Ferrand."

"And now she has been murdered," Madame Chaput said shockedly. "She could not have tied herself in that bag, and look at the way her eyes and tongue are sticking out and the bruises on her throat. She was strangled. What monster could have done this evil thing?"

"That," M'sieur Martin replied, "is for the police to find out. Until they arrive we will leave the body here and take turns at guarding it."

AS Lake Chambon is almost six hundred miles from Paris it was not a case for the Sûreté Nationale but for the local police, and early the next morning Commissaire Buffet arrived from the nearby town of Claremont-Ferrand. With him were Monsieur Mandouet, chief magistrate for the district, Doctor Guyon, the coroner, Inspector Philis and Inspector Cambassedes.

Their first task was to question the three girls who had found the corpse, and then to remove the body from the sleeping-bag. In doing so they discovered that a section of railroad rail about three feet long had been wrapped up with the remains.

"Why," Commissaire Buffet exclaimed, lifting it, "this must weigh all of forty pounds. Is it not a wonder that the body came to the surface at all?"

"No," replied Doctor Guyon, now kneeling beside the dead girl. "Note how the corpse is bloated? After being in the water for a sufficient length of time gases form inside a body capable of lifting even more than forty pounds dead weight to the surface. That is where the one who choked this girl made a bad mistake.

CAMBASSEDES stopped suddenly and called to Blaches. "Look!" he pointed to the ground. "Tyre tracks"

"You see, in wrapping the body so carefully in the sleeping-bag he protected the remains from fish and other marine life that would have nibbled at the corpse until they had punctured the stomach walls, thus releasing the gases. Furthermore, the waters of this lake, fed by melted snow from the mountains, are so cold they have preserved the remains. Had the murderer just fastened the piece of iron to the unwrapped body and made a puncture in the stomach, or left it to the fishes to do so, the body might never have come to the surface and his crime would likely have gone undiscovered."

"And was she dead before she was thrown into the water?" Buffet then asked.

"Definitely. But here is something else that should help you. Apart from the bruises on the throat there are no other marks on the body. In other words, she made no resistance; did not struggle with whoever killed her. What does that suggest?"

"*Voila!*" Buffet's eyes gleamed. "That suggests that she was on friendly terms with whoever strangled her. She must have let him come close, and then——"

"And then his hands suddenly tightened about her throat, throttling her before she could cry out," Dr. Guyon finished.

"And about how long was she in the water?"

Dr. Guyon again bent over the body, probed with deft fingers.

"At least six weeks," he replied. "It would take about that length of time for enough gases to form inside the stomach—in waters as cold as these—to lift also that piece of iron."

"Six weeks?" Buffet stared, then his eyes gleamed.

"Ah! Now I remember. On the fourteenth of last month this girl's husband, Marcel Ferre, reported that his bride had been absent from their home since April the eleventh. Why"—he turned to Inspector Philis—"I detailed you to try and trace Madame Ferre."

"Yes," Inspector Philis admitted. "I managed to trace her movements only until about two o'clock in the afternoon on that date. She lunched in town with her husband and he left her about

that time to return to his business."

"And how did M'sieur Ferre take her disappearance? Was he distressed?"

"Well, he is very sophisticated, very poised," Philis replied thoughtfully. "He does not show his feelings. But he did hint that perhaps she had left him of her own accord; that after the first few months of their marriage they had become somewhat cool towards one another. He attributed this in part to the fact that he is thirty and has lived somewhat fast, whereas his bride was but nineteen and, in many ways, ingenuous."

"Lived somewhat fast," Buffet echoed. "You think, perhaps, that he was interested in other women?"

"Most likely," Philis shrugged.

Illustrations By Frank Lea

"M'm!" Buffet nodded. "And perhaps his wife objected, eh?"

"It is not the custom in France for wives to object if their husbands seek feminine favours elsewhere," Philis reminded.

"Agreed," Buffet replied. "Just the same, she might have strongly resented her husband becoming cool towards her so soon after their marriage and, in consequence, might have proved an obstacle to him. Marcel Ferre must be investigated thoroughly. We must also find out all we can about this girl and her contacts; especially about any other men in her life. The sleeping-bag and the piece of iron must also be traced. The murderer has a six-week start on us so we shall have to work fast to catch up on him."

"Of course," he ended, "those three frightened girls did not understand that the suction from their moving canoe would naturally have drawn the floating corpse after them. They are convinced that the poor girl mutely pleaded with them to see that her murder was avenged. *Voila!* That is our duty."

IMMEDIATELY upon his return to Claremont-Ferrand, Commissaire Buffet called upon Madame Goy, the widowed mother of the victim. After extending his sympathy, Buffet began to question her gently.

"M'SIEUR CHAMPROMIS," Buffet began sternly, "all I want to know is this: Where were you and what did you do between two and four-thirty on the afternoon of April the eleventh?"

Other men in her daughter's life? Madame Goy shook her head. Germaine had always been a good girl.

"I know of but one young man with whom she was very friendly before and after her marriage," she said tearfully.

"His name?"

"Jean Champromis, whose parents own the Majestic Hotel here. But it was only a boy and girl affair, he being but a year older than Germaine."

"They never discussed marriage?"

"But that would have been impossible, M'sieur. His parents would never have allowed him to marry the daughter of a poor widow like myself. For their boy they would want a bride with a good dowry."

"Such is the French custom," Buffet agreed. "And how did the young man behave when Germaine married Marcel Ferre?"

"He did not seem to mind, M'sieur. Anyway, they continued to remain good friends. You see, M'sieur Ferre was so much older than Germaine—both in years and in his knowledge of life—it was perhaps but natural that at times Germaine should turn for companionship to a young man nearer her own age. And I have always found Jean to be a nice boy. Why, when he heard that Germaine had disappeared he came to me and offered to help me in any way he could."

Thanking Madame Goy, Buffet then returned to his office. On his desk he found the report of the detectives he had assigned to check-up on Marcel Ferre.

Marcel Ferre, he learned, was in reasonably comfortable circumstances, being half-owner of a small manufacturing business of which he was the head. From a material standpoint, as a poor girl without a dowry, Germaine Goy had made a good marriage. Buffet learned further that this was Ferre's second marriage, his first wife having divorced him. An interview with Marcel Ferre seemed in order and Buffet issued the necessary instructions.

Within an hour the young man arrived.

"M'sieur Ferre," Buffet began, "you, of course, would like to see the one who murdered your wife brought to justice."

"Of course."

"Then you will not object to answering a few questions?"

"No."

Buffet glanced at the dossier on his desk, began: "It is unusual, M'sieur, for a man in your position to marry a girl without a dowry, eh?"

"Yes."

"Your reason?"

"Well, M'sieur, I admit frankly that there have been many women in my life, most of them of the hard, greedy type. Germaine was so different, so warm-hearted, so generous, so young, that from our first meeting I wanted to marry her."

"Yet, I am informed, your ardour cooled quickly after your marriage."

Ferre shrugged.

"Marriage cannot be one long honeymoon, M'sieur. Besides, I have my business to attend to. I work long hours and I work hard. These days I have but little time or energy for love-making."

"I see," Buffet nodded. "And did you know of your wife's close friendship with Jean Champromis?"

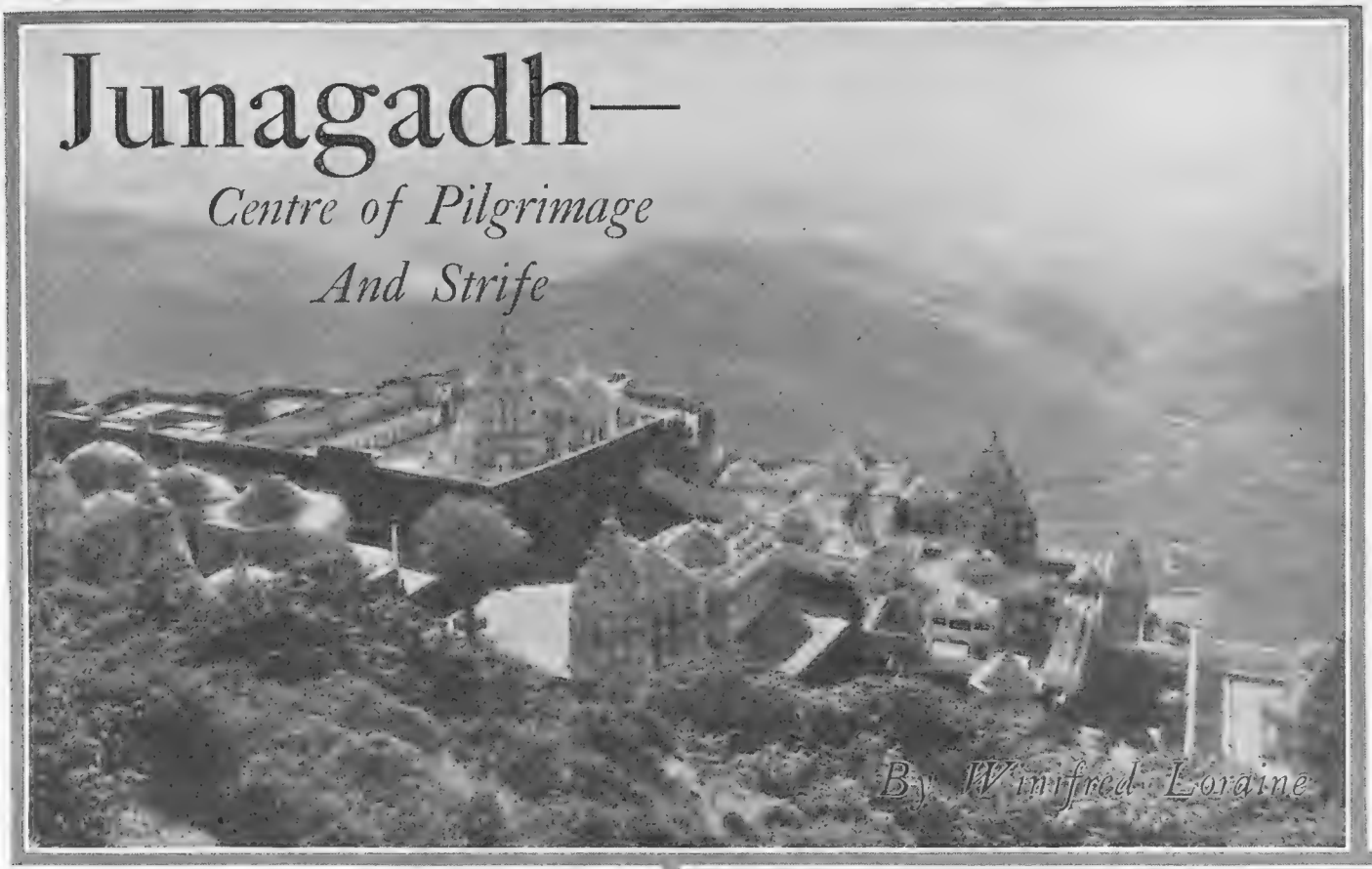
"Yes."

"You did not object? Were not jealous?"

"No." Again Ferre shrugged. "He is but a boy. Germaine loved all outdoor sports. Since starting in my new business I have had but little time or energy for such things. In (*Continued on page* 54)

Junagadh—

Centre of Pilgrimage And Strife



By Winifred Loraine

Jain Temples on Mount Girnar. Every stone was carried up five thousand steps to build these temples in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. In the distance, through the opening of the hills, which is the only access to the Girnar Mountain, can be seen the city of Junagadh

JUNAGADH, first of the Princely States in India where the power of the ruler has been challenged, is one of the most romantic principalities of India, but has remained little known because of the shyness, self-sufficiency, and intense autocracy of its Nawab, who has never pressed to the fore in the Council of the Chamber of Princes, nor greatly entertained outsiders and his fellow rulers.

But to those who sought to know India, Junagadh was always a realm of the strange and unattainable. In its forests of the Geier—bordering Junagadh and Jamnagar states—were the only lion in India, the maneless lion, reserved for a ruler or Viceroy to shoot. A mammoth, almost mythical sized deer was to be found in the ravines between the foothills round the Girnar, a deer with gigantic smooth horns instead of antlers: again, most carefully preserved. Here also was dense vegetation in the otherwise all but treeless semi-desert of Kathiawar. And, strangest of all, perhaps, here was Mount Girnar, a precipitous mountain which suddenly rears up three thousand feet sheer from the elsewhere unbroken level of the plain, behind the walled city of Junagadh, from which the State takes its name.

The White Marble Temple on Mount Girnar, as delicately and intricately carved as a jewel casket. It was built between 1214 and 1243, and looks as though it had been finished yesterday

The new mosque in Junagadh City, and in the background the highly gilded cupolas of the latest mausoleum of the Nawabs. This wonderful building was completed in 1853

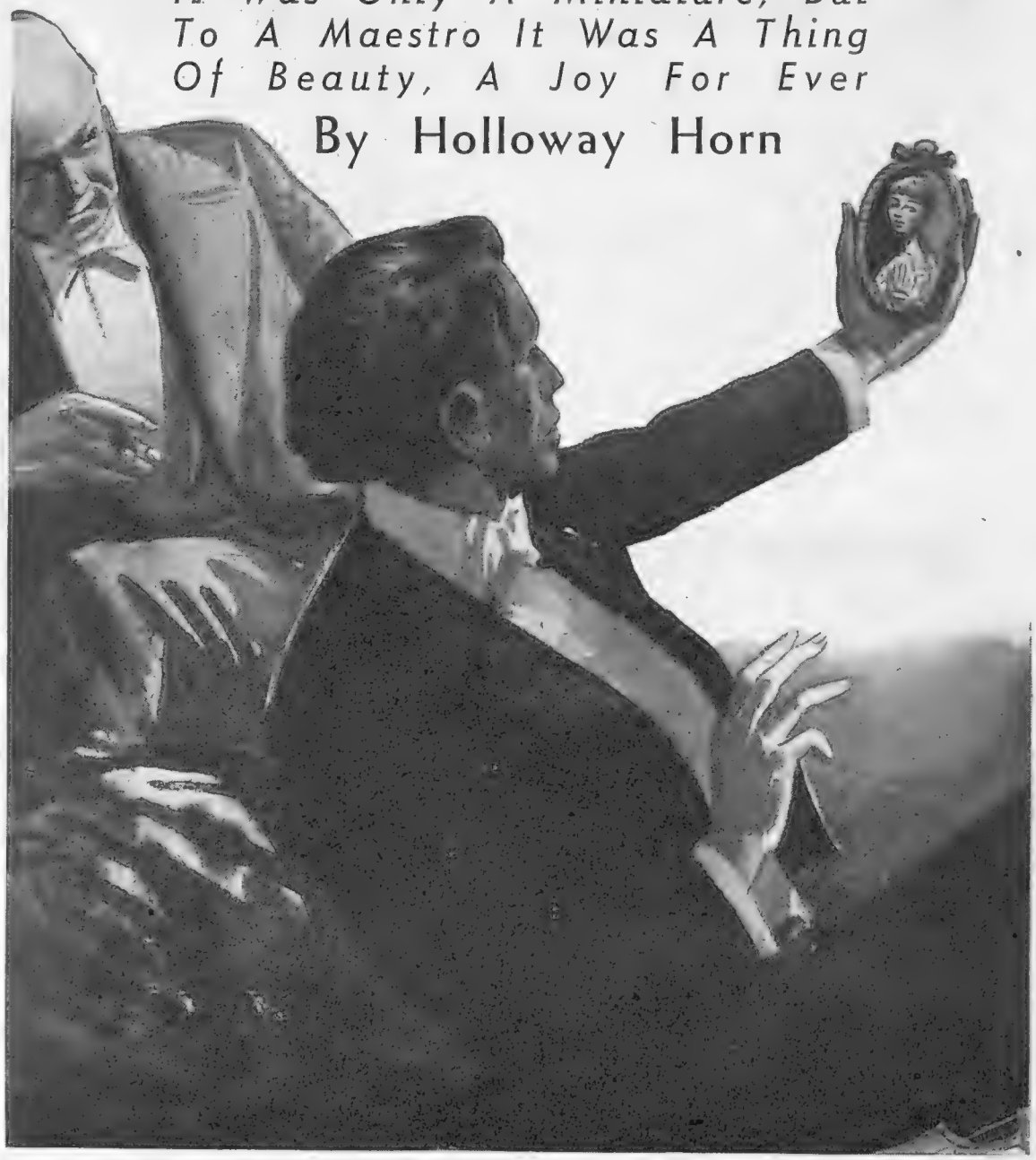
It is the presence of this mountain, summit-crowned with Jain temples, which has precipitated Hindu-Mohammedan tension in the State, epitomizing the conflict now raging throughout India in Junagadh.

To refer to this State as "small" is misleading. The ruler has a salute of twelve guns, his is the premier state of Kathiawar—that wide arid peninsula. (*Continued on page* 64)

That Which Was Lost

It Was Only A Miniature, But To A Maestro It Was A Thing Of Beauty, A Joy For Ever

By Holloway Horn



LORD CHARLES STAINE had finished his rather Spartan breakfast when Jevons said: "Beg pardon, my lord, but you know that Lady Mary is not in her drawer?"

"I certainly do not."

"I thought you must have put her somewhere else, my lord," his servant said in a startled tone.

In silence Lord Charles crossed to the room in the front of the house in Brook Street which was known among his friends as the museum. He opened a tiny drawer in a Buhl cabinet; it was empty.

Still in silence he turned to his servant who had followed him into the room.

"I noticed the drawer was slightly open this morning," Jevons explained.

"Thank you, Jevons. There has evidently been some little . . . misunderstanding."

"Thank you, my lord," Jevons murmured and left his master standing in the middle of the room.

"Some misunderstanding," was hardly a summary of what Lord Charles was thinking. He was a bachelor and a well-known collector of miniatures; the Lady Mary, who was no longer in her drawer, was the gem of his collection. She was the daughter of a remote ancestor and her portrait had been painted by Holbein himself. Its commercial value was, of course, considerable, but to Lord Charles, even in these difficult days, its value could not be computed in money. From the day the great master had painted it until the party of the previous evening it had been in the possession of his family.

He lit a cigarette and sat in a low chair opposite the cabinet in order to think the whole thing out.

His servants were beyond suspicion; he could vouch for the honesty of both of them. In any case, the miniature of Lady Mary would not have been of the slightest commercial value to the thief as it would be as unsaleable as the "Mona Lisa." There remained his guests and much as he disliked the idea Lord Charles considered them in relation to the disappearance.

His parties were famous and to a great extent the one in question was typical. He tabulated his guests in his mind, as he sat there contemplating the ravished cabinet.

Lord Parminter, the millionaire newspaper owner, would hardly know the difference between oil and water colour excepting possibly by his sense of smell, he reflected with a momentary smile. Definitely, in Lord Charles's opinion, he was ruled out as a possible suspect.

Lulu Tapscott, *the* Lulu Tapscott . . . it wasn't Lulu! She was after nothing less than Charles himself. The Cabinet Minister? Surely not . . . Lord Charles's sister, Lady Mossford? Again no. Janet was capable of much, but she was about as interested in Art as in cold suet pudding.

That left him with Carlo Carinetti.

His face was grim as he realized that Carlo was probably responsible.

He was a violinist of international reputation and last night had played like an angel. An artist to his finger tips, and a lover of beauty, whether alive in the person of Lulu or dead and immortalized by the brush of Holbein. Lord Charles remembered how Carlo had *devoured* Lady Mary. There was a little sketch by Campugno he had also admired—a painting of St. Anthony of Padua—but his admiration in this case had been far more restrained, far more *impersonal*.

"She is . . . perfect!" he had said, with one of his peculiar gestures, as he held Lady Mary at arm's length, and peered into her marvellously painted eyes. He had, Lord Charles realized, fallen in love with a woman dead centuries before, as only Carlo Carinetti could have done.

Always susceptible to beauty—in any form—was Carlo. A genius, maybe, but one without traditions, and with a queer, distorted morality that would allow him to take beauty for himself wherever he found it.

LORD CHARLES lit a second cigarette, which was contrary to his habit. It was, he realized, a devilishly awkward situation. The police were out of the question. From their point of view there was no more reason for suspecting Carinetti than Lulu; they might even want to question the Cabinet Minister! And although Lord Charles suspected to the point of certainty that Carlo had taken Lady Mary there was not a shred of what the police would regard as evidence to bear him out.

Lord Charles himself had replaced the miniature in his cabinet: the violinist had been standing at his side as he had put her in her bed of cotton-wool.

And then in a flash he remembered that Carinetti had placed the leather violin-case on the cabinet and for a minute or so had been alone there putting away his instrument—his beloved Strad!—as the guests were departing. It would

have been the simplest thing in the world for Carlo. A sudden temptation, the silkily moving drawer; a moment later the case would be snapped to and Carlo would turn to say good-bye to his host.

Lord Charles smiled as he realized what a tremendous compliment Carinetti had paid to Lady Mary, but he was concentrating on the problem of getting her back without fuss or publicity—and without hurting Carlo more than was necessary. He bore the violinist no ill-will; he could, indeed, understand his infatuation for Lady Mary. He thought the affair out from every angle, and before the second cigarette was finished had determined on the course he would follow.

CARLO, characteristically, was staying at what is perhaps the best hotel in London, and that evening was giving the second of his concerts at St. Andrew's Hall. The world of music, including Lord Charles, would be there, but before he went to the concert his lordship casually strolled into Carinetti's hotel.

The manager knew him, and came forward to meet him as he passed through the swing-door.

"Is Signor Carinetti about?" he asked.

"No, my lord. He's already left for the concert," the manager said in surprise.

"I was afraid that I should miss him. I should like a word with you, Fritz."

"Always at your service, my lord," the manager said and led the way to his private office.

Between those two men of the world there was complete understanding, and the manager—a man of exceptional experience—made no comment as Lord Charles told him the story.

"Of course, my dear Fritz, I may be wrong, but I do not think I am," he said at the end. "I am satisfied that the whole stupid affair was a mere inadvertence—it is obviously impossible to sell so well known a miniature, for one thing—and for another, our friend is a very wealthy man."

"I quite understand, my lord. And in these affairs discretion is obviously

Illustrations by Tony Weare

"SHE is perfect," Carlo Carinetti had said as he held Lady Mary at arm's length

essential. I will myself conduct you to the suite. We shall not be interrupted there."

Wherefore, a minute or so later, an incredible thing happened. The famous son of an English peer, accompanied by the manager of a hotel of the highest class, together entered the private suite of a guest in that same hotel with the deliberate object of ransacking it in order to find the miniature of Lady Mary Staine, which was as much out of place in Carlo's rooms as her dainty ladyship herself would have been.

It was not a large suite and the search did not occupy a great deal of time. Within half an hour they had satisfied themselves that Lady Mary was not there.

"Damn!" said Lord Charles.

The manager was glancing round carefully: "There is no cause for anxiety," he said. "No indication is left that the suite has been . . . er . . . examined."

"Two things may have happened," Lord Charles said thoughtfully. "He may have already got rid of it—may, for example, have sent it away by registered post or deposited it with his bankers—but I don't think it likely; alternatively, he may still have it with him. The latter is more likely."

The manager nodded. "I'm glad he didn't deposit it with me," he said with a sudden smile.

"He didn't take it merely to put in a safe," Lord Charles said quietly, and added with a smile: "I think I shall drop in at St. Andrew's Hall, Fritz. It is a pity to miss the whole of the concert. Carlo plays so delightfully."

"He is a very great artist," said the manager, rather grimly. "And great artists can be a little unconventional and more than a little trying, on occasion."

"Anyway, Fritz, thanks very much! Sorry to have been a nuisance."

"On the contrary, my lord. Always at your service."

And they parted with unimpaired understanding.

CARINETTI was on the top of his form that night. From the back of the hall, Lord Charles listened—and watched. The violinist's pale face gave no indication of the exultation, the sheer thrill that must have been his, and never had Lord Charles been more conscious of his artistry; he could play on his audience as skilfully as on his violin. Under normal conditions nothing would have taken him from the hall before Carlo had made his final bow to the clamorous audience; but conditions were far from normal that evening and as Carinetti began the last item in the programme Lord Charles made his unhurried way to the back of the stage. He had thought out a plan which an ordinary man might not have attempted, but Lord Charles was not an ordinary man, particularly in places like St. Andrew's Hall.

He noticed Rossi—Carinetti's servant—listening avidly in the wings with his back to his master's dressing-room a few yards away. Without a sound he passed him and slipped unobtrusively into the empty room.

The violin case was open on a small table in the middle of the room. Lord Charles examined it but the miniature was not there. The sound of a step outside reached him, and, taking out his cigarette case, he sat in the chair by the big mirror. The explanation of his presence, if one were necessary, was simple—he was waiting for his friend Carinetti—but nobody entered the room. With a gasp, he suddenly realized that Lady Mary was watching him all the time. She had been placed by the side of the mirror apparently in order that Carinetti could look at her as Rossi prepared him for the concert, and, inadvertently, had been left there.

Lord Charles smiled as he realized how characteristic of Carlo it was! He should have guessed that she might be there.

He picked up the miniature and gravely contemplated the rescued lady before he slipped her into his pocket. It was doubtless merely his imagination; but he fancied for a moment that the lovely lips had moved in an ironic smile as he watched them. The smile certainly fitted in with certain things he had read about his ancestress.

Opening the door, he glanced along the corridor. He could still see Rossi where he had left him, listening, enraptured and oblivious, to the great artist. He turned in the opposite direction as the dull thunder of the applause told him that the maestro was once again finishing a concert in a whirl of triumph.

Twenty minutes later he returned to Carinetti's dressing-room. The crowd in the corridor made way for him for was he not Lord Charles Staine? And with that diffident, almost wistful smile of his, he entered the room.

Carinetti turned (*Continued on page* 58)

THE famous son of an English peer accompanied by the manager of a hotel of the highest class, together entered the private suite of a guest of that same hotel with the deliberate object of ransacking it

Hats, Hair And Hemlines

(Left.) A typical wider beret for the spindle silhouette. This is one of the new elasticed expanding models which moulds itself to any head size.

Raymond's interpretation of the new sleek head. The hair is drawn back from the temple in flat twist curls which meet the draped fling of hair encircling the crown at the back.

THE New Look is not a simple matter of lowering the hemline. It involves the whole feminine silhouette. Tiny waists, rounded shoulders and draped hips underline the essential femininity of the new fashion trend. Hats and hair styles must be tuned to the same mood.

Instead of the high, piled-up hair-line, hair must now be dressed to make the head look small and elegant. The hair is drawn sleekly back from the temples, softened only by twist curls or a frolic fringe.

The new length demands a hat. A tiny hat on a sleek head echoes the trim bodice and tiny waistline of the umbrella silhouette. The smallest pill-boxes and toques are worn demurely on top or at the side of the head. Christian Dior's own line is asymmetrical, with a small tricorne or pill-box on one side, and the hair drawn up into a knot on the other.

The elegant, spindle line is balanced by wide-brimmed hats or extended berets. The width is often emphasised by plumes and clever trimming.

(Right.) A small, open-crowned wool felt (tied under the chin) for wear with the narrow-waisted umbrella silhouette.

(Left.) A simple asymmetrical hair style designed for tiny hats by *Raymond* with a front-to-back parting. The hair is swathed across the back, gathered and held on one side by means of an elastic band.

Adviser to

The Story of Mrs. Haweis who, in the as Mrs. Beeton, and whose advice on Fashion

IN 1848, at 26, Sloane Street—the almost rural Sloane Street of 100 years ago—a little girl was born and christened Mary Eliza Joy. She was the daughter of T. W. Joy, a well-known portrait painter of his day, though not so remarkable a figure as his daughter who, in later years, was to become almost as much a household figure as Mrs. Beeton and a prototype for the woman journalist of to-day.

Mary Eliza began to display her talents at the age of four, when she taught herself to read by copying letters out of the newspapers. Later she wrote novels in tiny script, like the Brontë children had done before her, her favourite perch for this play being under the dining-room table.

According to her son, Mr. Stephen Haweis, Mary Eliza Joy received practically no regular education other than what she picked up in her father's studio by reading the *Mirror of Literature, Amusement and Instruction*—an excellently informed journal, published in 1823, which provided this erudite young woman with a wealth of general knowledge which would have made her the queen of any quiz to-day.

The crinoline of 1860 "is meaningless and debased," says Mary Haweis, "a woman spoiling her appearance without any adequate corresponding effect."

In 1866, at the age of eighteen, her first oil painting was hung in the Royal Academy, but very soon after she met and married the Rev. H. R. Haweis, and from then on substituted the pen for the brush and, alternating the duties of mother and housekeeper with the study of dress and interior decoration, she embarked upon a writing career which brought her fame as adviser to the women of her day.

To gain first-hand knowledge on the evolution of clothes, she visited with her husband museums and art galleries both at home and abroad. The Cluny in Paris, the Gemialde Galleries in Dresden, Rome and Antwerp saw her making copious notes and pencil sketches on the costumes portrayed in the pictures of Old Masters. Nothing escaped her lively, darting eye.

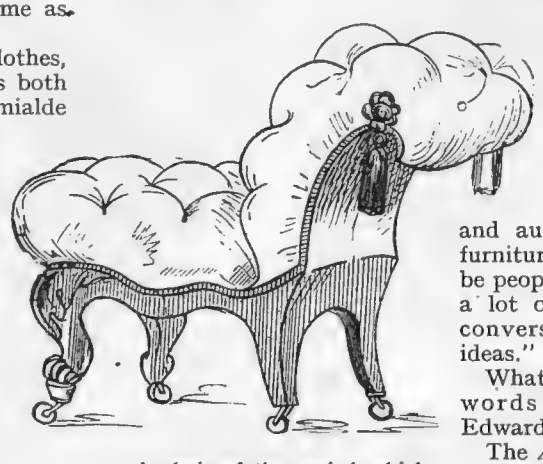
WHEN her first articles and books on dress, decoration and the home appeared, with such serious titles as *The Art of Beauty* and *The Art of Decoration*, they created a great stir. They established, in fact, a new vogue. No one had attempted this kind of writing before.

Soon elegant Court dressmakers were flocking to seek her advice. Already a recognised authority on fashions past and present, Mrs. Haweis was constantly consulted on such-and-such an elaborate gown of her day, or on a parure of jewels, and would pour out a running commentary, highly instructive and critical: "Do you see those slashes? Quite absurd. The whole point of the slash was to reveal rich undergarments, and is quite missed there." Or again, "Loops without buttons and buttons without loops. Elizabethan, perhaps, but used in this case quite improperly. They go with quite another type of dress." To-day Mrs. Haweis's remarkable talents would have found their fullest scope in the research studios of the film world. But besides being able to talk learnedly about, for instance, lace, she could repair and even make half an inch of point de Venise so exquisitely that the experts were fooled.

But although she was a true Victorian in the sense of conscientious study and output, her books on house decoration show a feeling for simple design and colour far ahead of her time. She loathed the "staring suites," as she called them, the mahogany chiffoniers, the curly sociables and whatnots of the '70's and '80's. A badly-designed cornice, a poor chintz, a ceiling too low or a meanly-shaped hall, got on her nerves. "Made her ill and no less," she said.

Like most lovers of the rare and beautiful, she knew exactly how and where to acquire things cheaply, and possessed the true flair of the born collector, picking up things—furniture, lace, good china—for a song.

Mrs. Haweis belonged far more to our day than hers. Describing a small country house she did up at comparatively little cost, in an essay entitled "Woman's Home in Miniature," she tells us how she used "rush matting and rugs, the hearth-rug being a specimen of those old-fashioned ones made of cloth shreds." She concludes this article thus: "May I say, in spite of the prevailing taste, that the fewer ribbons, antimacassars, chair-backs and photograph-frames, minute easels, banjos, and things you scatter about the room, the more clean and comfortable you are. The people who cannot exist without having the portraits of their children, sisters, cousins and aunts upon every piece of furniture the eye alights on must be people whose affections require a lot of stimulation and whose conversation habitually lacks ideas."



A chair of the period which Mrs. Haweis sought to improve and which she describes as "a miracle of vulgarity and unnaturalness."

What a perfect picture her words conjure up of the Edwardian drawing-room!

The *Art of Housekeeping*, called a "Bridal Garland," dedicated to her daughter and published in 1889 in a special gift edition, embraces everything concerning *Houses for the Happy*. It is a domestic encyclopædia in miniature and complete with the most fascinating lists for brides of to-day! In a touching

the Victorians

'Nineties, became as much a household figure and the Home makes good sense to-day.

Illustrations on these pages are from "The Art of Beauty," written and illustrated by Mary Haweis and published in 1879.

and wise foreword *To My Daughter*, Mrs. Haweis writes:

"My Dear Child.—*This book is not intended for young ladies who marry for money, or who think it ridiculous to do anything for the home provided for them by an injudicious admirer, and vote it quite a disgrace to look at every sixpence before flinging it into the gutter. As I hope few of these young ladies exist, I expect and I desire a large sale among the majority for whom I write—*(1) *For a sensible and right-minded girl (does that describe you?) who, marrying from a respectable home perchance before she has time to assimilate all her mother's lessons, and perchance 'on nothing a year, and that uncertain,' wishes to do her very best with her small income . . .*"

Her advice stands true for to-day! In fact, it could not be more applicable to all those brides who marry in the most uncertain world of the present where all goods are restricted and couponed!

Mrs. Haweis's skill at entertaining on a small income was considerable. Her talent for maintaining a wonderful appearance on next to nothing, remarkable.

Towards the end of her life (she died at the early age of fifty, of sheer overwork, one feels) there was not a movement of importance or note that Mrs. Haweis did not interest herself in personally. The ceaseless pressure brought to bear upon her by editors for specialised articles, from society papers, and for popular talks, coupled with her many social engagements and exhausting hours spent in detailed and long research, was beginning to undermine her health. In the autumn of 1898, when engaged in the writing of her *magnum opus, The History of the Development of Women*, which was to express finally and for good her belief in women's equality, she was forced to lay down her pen.

Two months later, in Bath on November 24, 1898, whilst writing almost up to the last moment on a commissioned article for the *Contemporary Review* on material titled "Servants and Served," she passed away.

What would Mrs. Haweis have thought and written about our strangely inconsistent and restricted world of fashion to-day, one wonders? If she had only lived some twenty years longer, she would have seen changes in dress and the home that would have appealed immediately to her taste and ideals. She owed her unique position to the fact that she was a lady of gentle birth, from whom nothing more then was expected than that they should be inconspicuous as wives and mothers, and was the first ever to write professionally, with convincing scholarship and witty authority, for women. "I claim," she wrote, "rather to urge people to use their own eyes, to form their own tastes, than to offer mine as a substitute." Good advice in 1898 or 1948.

In 1893 *Punch* lampooned her in a verse which is a startling comment on the cost of living in her day:

"Home cheap home
Thine be a cot beside a hill
Hums Mrs. Haweis in our ear
Such cots are in the market still
At thirty pounds a year."

A portrait of Mary Haweis.

Plain And Fancy

Cardigan with black back, red sleeves and chequered front in fawn, black and red.

MATERIALS : 5 ozs. of " Lavenda " 3-ply Knitting Wool in black, 2 ozs. in fawn and 3 ozs. in red ; 1 pair each of No. 9 and No. 12 knitting needles ; 10 buttons.
MEASUREMENTS : Bust, 32-34 ins. ; length, 22 ins. ; sleeve, 18½ ins.
TENSION : 7 sts. to 1 in. over plain, 7½ sts. to 1 in. over fancy.

THE BACK

This is worked entirely in b. With No. 12 needles cast on 100 sts. Work 5 ins. in k. 1, p. 1 rib. Change to No. 9 needles and st. st., inc. in centre of 1st row (101). Inc. 1 st. at both ends of 7th and every 6th row following until 125 are on needle. When work measures 14 ins. up centre from cast-on edge, **shape armholes :** Cast off 7 on next 2 rows (111), dec. 1 st. at both ends of next 5 rows (101) and next 4 alt. rows (93). Work straight until 21½ ins. from start, then **shape shoulders :** cast off 11 on next 2 rows and 10 on last 4 rows. Leave 31 on safety-pin for back neck.

THE SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles and b. wool, cast on 56 sts. Work 3 ins. in k. 1, p. 1 rib, inc. at end of last row (57). Change to No. 9 needles and st. st., working 8 rows f Change to r. and inc. 1 st. at (*Continued on page* 66)

ABBREVIATIONS : *b. = black ; f. = fawn ; r. = red ; k. = knit ; p. = purl ; sts. = stitches ; st. st. = stocking stitch ; inc. = increase ; dec. = decrease ; rem. = remain ; alt. = alternate ; ptn. = pattern ; tog. = together.*

Designed For Comfort

Hip-length sweater with a welted waistband . . .

MATERIALS : 10 ozs. of Paton's " Beehive " Fingering 3-ply ; one pair each of No. 10 and No. 12 knitting needles ; buttons and belt ; No. 12 crochet hook.
MEASUREMENTS : From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 25 ins. ; across the back and front underarms, 17 ins. ; underarm of sleeve seams, 17½ ins.
TENSION : 9 sts. to 1 in.

THE FRONT

With No. 10 needles cast on 128 sts. Rib 4 rows k. 1, p. 1. Change to the following rib.

1st row.—* k. 4, p. 4. Repeat from * to end.

2nd row.—Purl. Continue in pattern 6 ins. from the cast-on edge, then dec. 1 st. each end of the next and every 4th row following until 120 sts. and work measures 10 ins. from the cast-on edge. Change to No. 12 needles and work 1 in. k. 1, p. 1 rib. Change to No. 10 needles and continue in main rib until work measures 18 ins. from the cast-on edge. Change to the following pattern for yoke (cast on 1 st., 121 sts.).

1st row.—P. 1, * k. 3, p. 1. Repeat from * to end.

2nd row.—P. 1, * k. 1, p. 1. Repeat from * to end.

3rd row.—K. 2, * p. 1, k. 3. Repeat from * to end.

4th row.—As 2nd row. These 4 rows form pattern for yoke and sleeves. Work 2 ins.

SHAPE ARMHOLES.

Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. K. 2 tog. each end of every row until 87 sts. remain. Continue until armhole measures 5 ins. (*Continued on page* 66)

ABBREVIATIONS : *k. = knit ; p. = purl ; st. = stitch ; sts. = stitches ; dec. = decrease ; inc. = increase ; tog. = together ; beg. = beginning.*

New Year Renovations

Toeing the new hemline calls for adjustments to last year's wardrobe. Here are some practical renovations which lengthen skirts and suggest, in some cases, the union of two worn garments in one up-to-the-minute form.

On the left is a suggestion for last year's coat. A deep hem of fur fabric or matching velvet brings the hemline down to cover longer dresses. The centre figure wears a dress which can be adapted from two garments, the top of one dress and the lower part of another. Immediately above, a hip-length jersey is worn with a suit to conceal the addition of a false top to the skirt, which drops the hem by several inches. The bodice of the dress, top right, is in soft black jersey, the skirt in black satin, and the union of both is fused by a deeply-draped "scarf" at the hipline.

Over my

Winifred Lewis Looks Back At 1947 And Some Of Its Brighter Achievements Of Interest To Women.

THE New Year is traditionally the time for smugly folding the hands and, with the gaze cheerfully fixed upon the future, for anticipating good things to come and good things to be done; but without lacking confidence or optimism for the future, I for one intend to skip the annual ceremony. The future is unpredictable at any reckoning; to-day fences are best taken when you come to them, and for once there is more fun and far more inspiration in reflecting upon the year that has gone.

One surprising and inescapable fact is that it wasn't as bad as it seemed. That is a controversial point. We each have our individual experiences, some better, some worse than others, but I stick to my guns.

As one who may claim to hold a ringside seat in the arena of women's affairs (a journalist is privileged to see a lot that goes on and to see much of it at close quarters), the critical, contentious and often very uncomfortable year of 1947 looks not too bad to me.

WE had a fuel crisis. I cherish, as a souvenir, a pair of gloves threadbare at the finger-tips with typing in temperatures around zero. There were few redeeming features to that unhappy phase, except perhaps that we learned the folly of unpreparedness, and few of us will be caught again without some personal emergency plans.

Then there was the food. Not a very bright picture if you except the brimming measure of fruit which garlanded the street barrows and made greengrocers' shops a sight for sad eyes. No, the food hasn't been easy, yet I cannot forget the gratitude with which on three occasions I returned from the Continent to contemplate the blessing of a British rationing system, however harsh, which provides an essential minimum for all.

There was also the summer . . . the English beaches and the holidays abroad. But these are generalisations. Facts about the progress of the past year—and there was some—are more encouraging. Take the sphere of dress. Looking back, many of us would say that the past year was distinguished mainly for shortages; by the eternal search for something to wear at the right price. That is true, yet as one with an inside knowledge I can confidently say that progress in the sphere of fashion-styling and manufacturing is something to sit up and take notice of.

Aside from the big splash which the longer skirts and the new outline have made, there is marked emphasis on the improvement of styling and workmanship. There was a long period during the earlier phase of shortages when, one has to admit it, an immense volume of cheap and shoddy clothing was made. Utility clothes were often, and not always fairly, blamed. This is no place to discuss the reasons which have brought about an improvement. The fact remains that inexpensive clothes to-day (if any clothes can be called inexpensive at to-day's inflated prices) are better value than they

Shoulder

have been for a long time past. To begin with, a new simplicity of styling has emerged. That in itself is good. Fussy decoration is invariably a camouflage for poor styling and indifferent workmanship. We have, thank Heaven, outgrown the phase of intricate embroidery, bows and frills and extraneous ornament.

In the many collections I saw in the last weeks of the Old Year—clothes that we shall all be wearing next spring and summer—the emphasis is upon simplicity of outline, excellent cutting and good materials, in many cases at prices below the ceiling.

This was a year in which clothes were anything but abundant, but it was a year of great improvement in quality and appearance.

It was a year when nylons became everyday wear for the masses. Dainty legs in higher and far more becoming heels tripped their way through the sunny summer. Whether or not you were lucky in getting as many nylons for yourself as you would have wished, it is encouraging to know that production for the home market was vastly increased and continues to step up.

IN the domestic equipment field the inevitable reaction is one of frustration, and no wonder. Nevertheless, though furniture and appliances are still hard to come by, a glance at developments is impressive and holds immense promise for the time when economic difficulties have improved sufficiently to allow a more general distribution. In the design of domestic electrical appliances the emphasis has been on heightened efficiency and the more economic use of current.

I have seen, among many other things, a new Electro Steam Cooker which combines the economical use of current in a compact modern cooker with a twin section entirely devoted to water-heating and steam cooking. This is for the larger type of household. Then there was the Heat Storage Cooker operating on the thermal storage principle, using special low-wattage elements combined with rapid heating for the boiling-plates. By this principle the heat is accumulated and stored and is always ready for instant use when required. By use of efficient insulation, heat-wastage is reduced to the minimum and only the amount of heat needed for cooking is used.

The best 1947 gas cooker was a streamlined, coloured vitreous enamel job (which *is* available, by the way), that guarantees to make four therms of gas do the work of five. Ease of cleaning, simplicity of design, smooth contours and rounded oven interiors and corrosion-resisting hot-plate, as well as lightweight construction, are outstanding features of this cooker, which costs approximately £27.

FURNITURE, other than utility, has to most eyes been distinguished by its absence, but in this sphere, as in the other, there are encouraging signs of progress. A new principle of construction for furniture was the outstanding news of the year. At a very progressive factory, from which I predict that we shall be hearing big things in the future, I watched the principle of prefabricating furniture in operation. Light aluminium provides the framework for this luxuriously comfortable furniture (the makers got their experience in the making of aeroplane parts during the war). These metal parts are bolted together with incredible rapidity and the stuffing and upholstery is completed with the same lightning efficiency which sacrifices nothing in strength or appearance in comparison with furniture made on a wood frame.

The special feature of this furniture is design on the unit principle, which permits individual units to be separated according to requirements. Three units together make a settee which can be separated to become three chairs—an obvious advantage in restricted quarters.

Plans for the future at this factory include standardised slip covers which will be sold separately to fit the furniture and, even better, clip-on upholstery. Already this type of upholstery is being made for export with leather and fabric permanent covering which is neatly, strongly and unobtrusively fastened to the framework with clips and which can be removed in a few moments for cleaning.

Looking over my shoulder, it was not such a bad year. Our hopes were raised only to be dropped again with our skirts, but we got through. Happy New Year!

EXPORT ONLY
What a wonderful day it will be when we no longer have to live by the slogan—"FOR EXPORT ONLY"; and when we no longer have to grapple with dockets or permits. . . . For the past few weeks I have been trying to furnish a flat. The number of times I have been confronted with the slogan "For Export Only" would make an angel swear—and I am no angel. There is no carpet to be bought—because it is for export only. There is no hard-wearing lino of pre-war quality—because it is for export only. There are no breakfast sets and no table china except second-hand—because they are for export only. There is no wallpaper, no paint without a permit. There are no sheets or household linen without dockets or coupons. Not that it matters all that amount to us who have our old and shabby stock, because we can mend and make-do. But how newly-weds ever manage to set up house or flat is a thing I am at a loss to understand. If the Government is in the slightest degree interested in marriage and families, they would do well to make the business of getting married and starting a family a little less discouraging.
Jane Gordon

In Search of Glamour

JUST for a change, let us study the most common aids to ugliness. . . .

1. Personally, I would head the list with the sleeping-pill habit. This habit is so easy to get into, and once you reach the point when you feel that you cannot go to sleep without artificial aid, you can be sure that any money you spend on beauty treatments or aids to beauty will be wasted. After a certain length of time, artificial sleep produces a dingy bloom which no make-up can disguise. Insomnia is a very common complaint among women, especially in these days, and can be divided into two categories. First, there is the woman who sleeps well normally and then gets a patch of insomnia brought on by worry, overwork or some health condition. It is sheer foolhardiness to try to treat yourself by pills simply because they have been recommended by a friend. Far better go to your doctor right away and he will give you the correct treatment. Even if you have to take something to make you sleep for a night or two, you should try to recover your normal sleep as soon as possible. The second category includes a far greater number of women who take sleeping pills although they could sleep quite normally if they took more exercise and led a healthy life. A long day's work and a sufficient amount of exercise and fresh air would do these women a power of good. Personally, I would make them all get up at seven in the morning and work hard until eight at night, and I bet pounds to pennies that insomnia would not be one of their troubles.

2. Another aid to ugliness, though a far less common one, is an afternoon card-party. Women with nothing better to do seem to take a delight in ruining their looks by the simple method of playing cards two or three afternoons a week. You can almost see the crows'-feet appearing around their eyes and the nose and mouth lines deepening as the afternoon wears on. This is a fine way of increasing the spare tyre round the diaphragm, straining the eyes, rounding the shoulders and broadening the seat.

3. Every woman dreads a cold in the head because she knows that while it lasts she cannot avoid looking ugly. The best precaution against a head cold is halibut-oil capsules. The trouble with these is that it is so easy to forget them. The only way I can remember them is to keep a supply on the dining-room table. As I hate the sight of a medicine bottle, I put the capsules in a very pretty little china bowl and take two at the end of the meal with a large glass of water.

4. It is so easy to make the worst of a good permanent wave and destroy the value of creams and cosmetics through ignorance. If you are going to invest your money in a permanent wave, then take the trouble to condition your scalp and hair before you have your perm. The conditioning should take at least three weeks. If the hair is greasy, use weekly a well-known brand shampoo of soapless liquid. If the hair is dry, then use a weekly shampoo of a soapless cream, such as S.3. Massage and brushing are of vital importance. It is a sheer waste of money to take drab hair and an ill-conditioned scalp to a hairdresser and expect the perm to turn out successfully. Women who use brightening rinses or bleaches, or have their hair tinted, should be particularly careful to guard against dry scalp and brittle hair.

Women are also apt to forget that the condition of the scalp affects the complexion. If your scalp is greasy, you will have blackheads, greasy skin and spots. If the scalp is scaly and the hair dried-out, you will get scaly patches and nasty little hard lumps on the face.

MANY a good face cream fails because it is used in the wrong way. One beauty expert will advise you to treat your face as if it were a delicate rose petal; to avoid soap and water; pat, smear and smooth on a special cream, leaving a slight layer to be absorbed by the tissues during the night. While another will recommend the use of a "good stiff brush" and tell you to scrub your face as if it were a floor-board. Most women would do better if they steered a medium course between these two (*Continued on page 58*)

McKELLROW

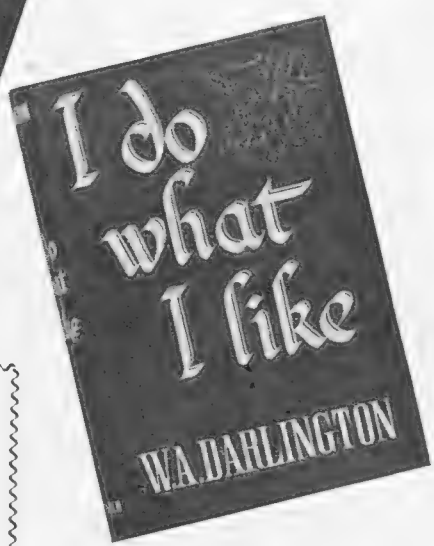
Books:

Reviewed by
Trevor Allen

IN common with most thinkers from Biblical times onwards, Mr. John Brophy is perplexed by the dual nature of mankind, body and mind, and "the sustained warfare between the two." In "Body and Soul" (Harrap, 15s.) he manfully, solemnly tackles the problem with wide knowledge, apt quotation. His approach to the bold nudes by artists classic and modern which illustrate the book is in this devout key: "He who portrays the body . . . may well work in awe, for he portrays two minds as well, one of them being his own," and he hopes they may sometimes serve as "ready references"! Readers who have reached a reasonable balance in life may well ask: Why all this profundity when all one needs to know is that body and mind should mutually interact, the one benefiting the other? But I have no doubt that many will find his philosophic inquiry, especially into physical beauty and the sexual impulse, deeply absorbing.

LADY SARAH LENNOX, nurtured in the Holland House set, was wooed at sixteen by George III when Prince of Wales. She had many love affairs—the craziest, perhaps, with the Duc de Lauzan when she was married to Sir Charles Bunbury, who preferred the company of grooms and jockeys to that of his lovely bride. After bearing an extra-marital child to Lord William Gordon, she subsided into a really happy marriage with Colonel George Napier and became a model mother of eight. How, in the circumstances, could Miss Edith Roelker Curtis's "Lady Sarah Lennox" (W. H. Allen, 10s. 6d.) fail to be an intriguing eighteenth-century biography? Ably written and documented, it will more than satisfy all with a zest for lives of lovely ladies erant; but with so many noble names it deserved an index.

MR. W. A. DARLINGTON takes his job as drama critic very seriously, even if he was once the author of the irresponsible "Alf's Button." His autobiography "I Do What I Like" (MacDonald, 15s.) is accordingly no patchwork of stage anecdote, but mainly a sober retrospect of the theatre by one who has viewed it from the stalls rather than the bar or dressing-room. Graduating from Shrewsbury and Cambridge, he had a dignity to maintain, even as a scribbler, and that gives tone to the book. I'm glad, though, that Marie Tempest gave him at least one tussle; one likes to see artists getting their own back. This, too, should have an index.

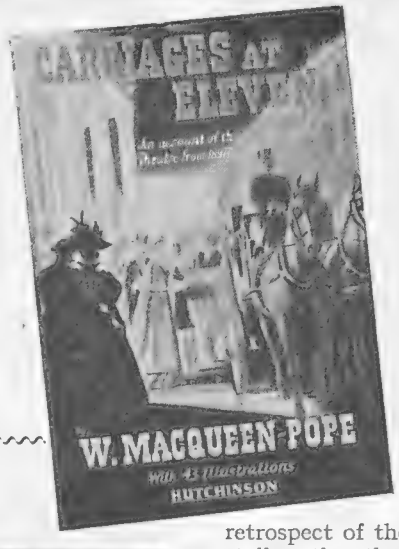


THE late Prof. A. W. Stewart was a university scientist who wrote detective stories as "J. J. Connington." Both sides of him are reflected in a collection of essays, "Alias J. J. Connington" (Hollis and Carter, 15s.), which touch on the Chantelle murder mystery, origins of novelists' plots, the psychology of drugs, confidence tricks, careers of the "Arabian Nights" translators, Loch Arkaig treasure, Loch Ness monster, and atomic bomb. A mind both inquisitive and acquisitive and a friendly, discursive style commend him to thoughtful readers.

MR. AUBREY DE SELINCOURT views "Dorset" (Paul Elek, 9s. 6d.) with the mind of a poet in a "Vision of England" volume beautifully illustrated with colour and line drawings by Miss Barbara Jones, sixty half-tone photographs, and seventeenth-century and modern maps. With so many (*Continued on page* 68)

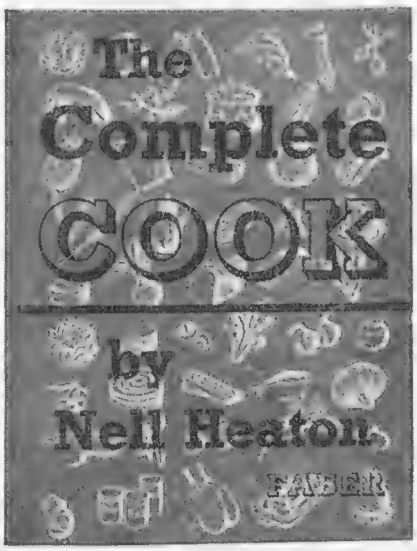
Edwardian Playtime

WHEN a suffragette knocked off Beerbohm Tree's tall hat, then complained that he was no gentleman, "Madame," he pleaded, "how can you know . . . when you deprive me of the means of behaving as one?" They were not all gentlemen (or ladies) in the Edwardian theatre, but Mr. W. Macqueen-Pope makes a dazzling pageant of them in **"Carriages at Eleven"** (Hutchinson, 21s.), an evocation of the age as well as the stage, even to the fellow in the Bedford Street Bodega who, overlooked and locked in at closing time, spent a delirious night sampling the bar, and made a bobby outside dumb drunk through straws poked through the letter-box. Whisky, then, was 3d. a nip, so it wasn't too serious. . . .



This is so dotingly nostalgic a memoir, with mellow anecdotes of the famous, that we hope Mr. Pope will continue it to date in a sequel, calling his final chapter: "Taxis at Ten (if any): No Basic, No Beer, No Fun." Then we may realize what we've lost in gaining a Brave New World. In one thing, however, we certainly have the advantage—photography. Some of the portraits make his idols look frumps.

What's Cooking?



A GOOD cookery book, these days, can be gastronomic torture. My mouth has not merely watered but gone into liquidation over Miss Nell Heaton's handsome quarto **"The Complete Cook"** (Faber, 30s.), especially the culinary pictures in colour. It is a cyclopædia of recipes, with chapters on meal-planning, food values, kitchen equipment, wines and beverages.

In **"Ursula's Cook Book"** (Gifford, 3s. 6d.) Miss Bloom passes on, with humour, her best recipes as wife and hostess. In the style of "Finicky husband takes lunch," they should be both helpful and consoling to harassed housewives.

Mr. John Morrison's **"A Bowl o' Brose"** (Celtic Art Society, 5s.), discloses the dire secrets of Scotland's national dishes, including rarities like "Cullen Skink from the Moray Firth" (skink, not skunk), which starts with the skin of a finnan haddock and ends rapturously. Reading these recipes, I wonder why all the Scots abroad don't immediately trek home. . .

Here To Serve You

Cooking utensils designed to economize in fuel consumption, and cooking appliances independent of gas and electricity supplies are indispensable items of kitchen equipment this winter. If you would like further details of these useful appliances now available in the stores, write to The Editor, Women's Section, "Britannia and Eve," 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.1.

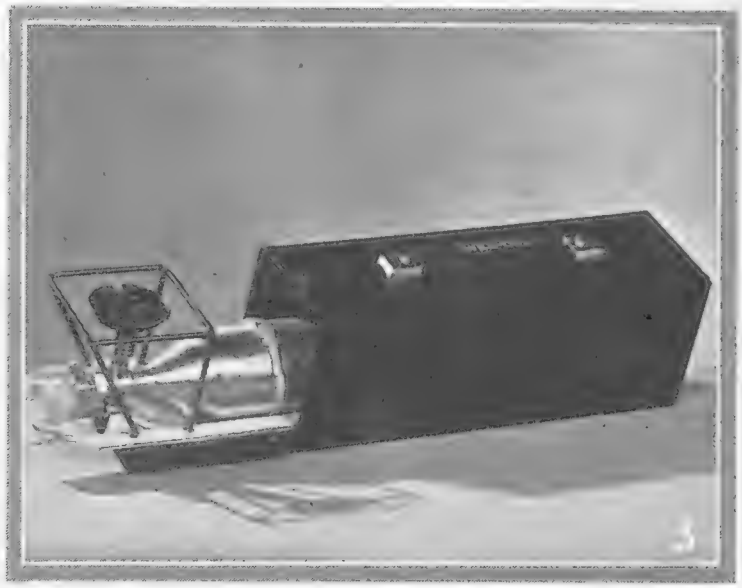
1 The Trickle Heater. A low consumption gas kettle. A small gas jet heats 6 pints of water to almost boiling point while you sleep at a cost of ¼d. a night. Price 36s. 9d.

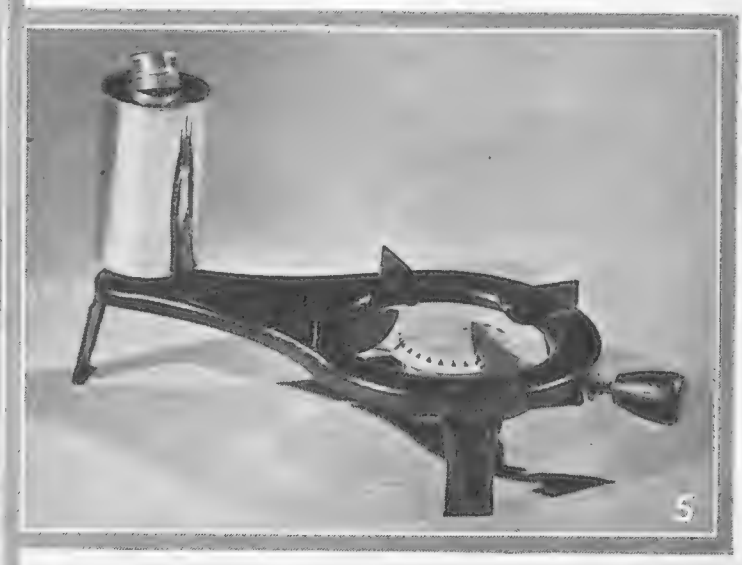
2 Radaware all-purpose cooking utensils, in cast iron with heat-resistant coloured porcelain enamel finish. They can be used as frying pans, casseroles or saucepans. Oval type, price 19s. 6d., round, 16s. 3d. approx.

3 "Wee-Dex" cooker. A gas cylinder emergency cooking ring, price 71s. 3d., extra cylinders, 33s. 10d. Gas refills, 3s.

4 Vital Ware aluminium cooking pans, suitable for any type of cooker. Five-inch double-lip milk saucepan, price approx. 20s. The porringer is a triple purpose appliance. The porringer container can be used separately as a milk saucepan, and the base converts into an ordinary saucepan by removing the detachable porringer ring. Price approx. 57s. 3d.

5 Methylated Spirit Burner. This sturdy spirit cooker is fitted with a useful flame-regulating device. Price 15s. 9d.





The World is your Stage

THE world is a stage, now as much as ever. The only difference between now and the time when Shakespeare thought of it is that, to be a star, you must also be a quick-change artist.

On the modern world's stage every woman is billed to play half a dozen roles in one—business woman, housewife, mother and glamour girl. Nature is not always over liberal in equipping us for all these roles, in which case it takes a well-timed act to see us through.

But the modern woman has to be a quick-change artist if she is to shine in all the roles assigned to her

A bit of self dramatization is a good thing when you are feeling discouraged about yourself. Once begin to cast yourself at the right moments as your own stand-in (that unfortunate who has to leap into the lake for the film star) and you are well on the way to success.

It is essential to play yourself *up* and not *down*; to be as convincing as your own stand-in (when the washing up has to be done) as you are when playing the star (on more glamorous occasions). The important thing is not to allow one role to submerge the other. Remember you are a quick-change artist.

What you look like, for instance, when you do the chores in the morning is nobody's business but your own, but remember that when you slip up in your own estimation you are beginning to slip all round. Keep up appearances at all times. It's difficult and it may sometimes seem unnecessary. But it is vitally important to *you*.

IT is true, of course, that nothing helps like a good audience. You remember the four-course dinner which you turned out on next to nothing and which your guests continue to congratulate you on to-day? Perhaps you know that it was a lucky fluke, just the same you have been making tremendous efforts ever since to live up to that reputation—you may even be succeeding.

So, you see, living up to yourself keeps you on your toes. It keeps you believing in yourself as a person. Fatigue, boredom, sheer lack of incentive in some cases, will tempt you to relax and forget the whole act. Don't let it happen. That small extra pull at the end may be enough to improve your appearance; to make you a little more gracious, a fraction more charming—an easier, more *pleasing* person to be with. People take us at our own valuation—so long as there are no glaring discrepancies. Don't confuse living *up* to yourself with living *above* yourself.

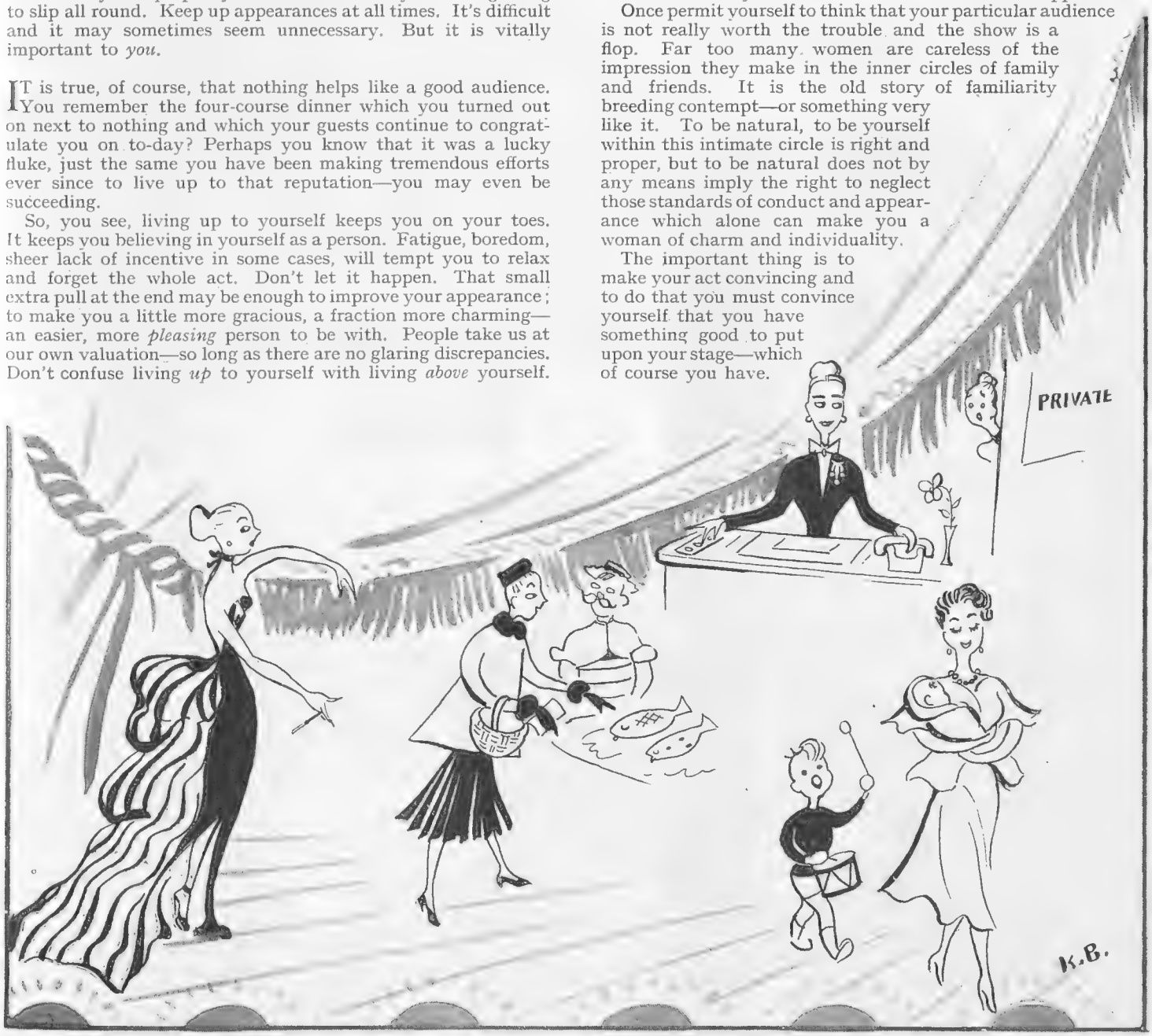
TAKE appearances, for instance. Not one in ten attractive women are really beautiful. The chances are that the woman your men friends rave about has few really good features, but what she has she presents with skill. She has taken trouble to accentuate her good features and to soft pedal the not-so-pleasing ones. Her charm is not a matter of luck, however nonchalant it may seem. She has worked to achieve it.

You are a busy woman. It may be that your audience is restricted to the family and a few friends, and a not very appreciative audience at that. Don't forget that an actor makes his own audience enthusiastic. It is he and he alone who can warm them up from cold. If you fumble your act and forget your lines it is not to be wondered at if your audience is cool with its applause.

It is all too easy to allow yourself to think that you have left it too late to start your act. That is not true. The family may dart some inquiry glances at you when you start rehearsals for the new play in which you are to be the star. Their reactions are much the same when you come out in a pretty new hat. Families were ever thus, but as you begin to perfect yourself in the new role they will be the first to admire and applaud.

Once permit yourself to think that your particular audience is not really worth the trouble and the show is a flop. Far too many women are careless of the impression they make in the inner circles of family and friends. It is the old story of familiarity breeding contempt—or something very like it. To be natural, to be yourself within this intimate circle is right and proper, but to be natural does not by any means imply the right to neglect those standards of conduct and appearance which alone can make you a woman of charm and individuality.

The important thing is to make your act convincing and to do that you must convince yourself that you have something good to put upon your stage—which of course you have.



Lipstick To Flatter Your Skin

THERE is more to choosing a lipstick than merely selecting one with an exciting name or an intriguing case. Lipstick can do much to flatter the individual tones of the skin and should therefore be chosen carefully and in a good light.

Skins with purplish tones are flattered by one of the new blue-red shades. This, by the way, is one of the carefully graded shades by Max Factor. Its new and original formula ensures smooth lips and a colour which lasts, the maker claims, until it is removed. Skins with sallowish tones are lightened and given vitality if the lipstick has a hint of orange in it. Clear reds go best with really pale skins.

In cold weather, a greasy lipstick gives extra protection to the lips. The rich basis of Saville's new lipsticks ensures a velvety and lasting finish. There are four dramatic "'Night Club" shades, particularly effective for evening wear.

Rimmel have produced a unique lip rouge with a tiny brush for applying the colour. This is regarded by experts as the only way to apply lipstick becomingly. At the same time it enables one to use the lip rouge to the very last crumb.

Another exciting newcomer is the Elizabeth Arden lipstick, which comes in a case with a mirror attached.

Write to me for further details of the lipsticks I have mentioned or for advice on matching your lipstick with your skin type.

Good Legs

FEW of us aspire to the lovely, streamlined legs of Mistinguett or Rita Hayworth, but at least we can make the best of those we have.

Unfortunately, many women have given up trying and go about with blemished, stockingless legs or stodgy stockings of the dreariest Utility type. This need not be. Even Utility stockings look passable on a neat leg if they are tautly suspendered with straight seams; and if they are washed daily look immaculate.

Shoes have a tremendous bearing on the shape and line of the legs. We all know that with certain shoes legs look better and slimmer than with others. Undoubtedly, the best and most elegant line is given by well-fitting court shoes. But whatever shoe style you choose see that it is comfortable enough to walk in at once. There never was such a myth as that which says shoes are uncomfortable until they have been "broken in." If they require this then they are ill-fitting shoes and not for you, or they will distort the twenty-six bones in each of your feet. The metatarsal and longitudinal arches of the feet will be twisted out of shape, and will affect the muscles of the legs as well as causing a chronic feeling of fatigue and strain.

REDUCING fat legs is not by any means an easy business. If the trouble comes from within then it is a doctor's case and not a beauty specialist's. But if it is merely too much fat, or muscle, then slenderizing is possible.

A really reliable reducing lotion is worth a trial. (I can tell you of a tried and tested one which costs 8s. 6d. a bottle.) A well-known reducing specialist uses this lotion on the legs, and works with really hard massage on the tissue and gradually breaks it up. Out-of-town readers can use this safely themselves (the best time is in the bath when the pores have been well opened). Massage should be *upwards* from the ankle, working with a very firm rotary movement of middle finger and thumb. "Grip till it hurts" is your motto! Another good movement is to lie flat on the back, feet up on a low chair. Pull back one leg by grasping the ankle with both hands and massage upwards with a vigorous movement.

A third exercise is to sit on the floor with back straight and legs outstretched. Pull first one knee, then the other, up to the chest and, as you straighten it, hit the floor with a bang.

Grooming For Beauty

THERE are many factors in the build-up to beauty. Features, colouring, grace and vitality all play their important parts, but at the final count the indispensable factor is the co-ordination of these points which is expressed in the term grooming.

Busy as most of us are, those fastidious little touches which put a final stamp upon the appearance are all too easily neglected. Yet, without them, the convincing make-up, even the glamorous costume are nowhere.

Good grooming means attention to detail—nothing more. Immaculate cleanliness, fastidious tidiness—the little touches of delicacy, so small in themselves, yet so vital to the whole appearance.

Take hair, for example. What use is it to adopt an elaborate coiffure unless one has the time and skill to keep it in perfect order. Straggly, unkempt locks under carelessly adjusted hats, too often chosen without due care to their suitability in relation to the hair style, are all too common.

An elaborate coiffure is wasted unless the hair itself is in perfect condition. Clean and shining and well groomed. Apart from the daily personal care, hair to be well groomed must be well cut. A really good hairdresser will shape the hair and mould it in such a way that the daily brushing and combing is sufficient, however busy one may be, to maintain it in perfect order.

HURRIED and carelessly applied make-up is the ruin of well-groomed appearance. I am astonished to see the numbers of women who emerge into the full light of day with rouge and lipstick smudgily applied. Make-up must be applied in a powerful light. Too many of us are content to dab on the make-up in the dim light of the bedroom, quite unaware that in the full light of day we show a hard line of rouge on the cheeks, an unbecoming margin of make-up round the chin and eye-black which has smudged in the places where eye-black was never intended to be.

Hands, again, too often ruin the effect of an otherwise good appearance. It is wise to avoid nail varnish unless you can be quite sure of having the time to renew it before it chips. Cracked varnish is disastrous.

To Stand On

The new skirt length of about fourteen inches from the ground should be encouraging to women with not-so-slender limbs, but the skirts should be most carefully chosen to flatter the legs. Narrow, tight skirts tend to emphasize thick thighs or too heavy legs. Stockings should be carefully chosen also, and should never be of a vivid shade; the best tone is to be found in one of the new darker lines.

ALWAYS sit carefully and gracefully with the left leg slightly behind the right one which is crossed just over the instep. The loveliest legs look ungainly with knees apart to form a "lap."

Ankles can be fined down by patient exercise with, sometimes, the additional aid of professional massage. Improvement does not show in a day nor even a week—though much depends upon the cause of too much flesh around the ankles. Bad circulation is sometimes responsible for the puffiness which distorts natural shapeliness. In such cases massage can work miracles if aided by daily exercises to stimulate the circulation. As a daily beauty treatment the old-fashioned tiptoe exercise is excellent. Walk around on tiptoe in your stockinged feet whenever t is convenient, and make a habit of it.

There is little excuse for leg blemishes. Varicose veins, for example, should be treated by a medical man in their infancy. It is nearly always possible to ure them, especially if they have been brought on through long hours of standing and working on the feet.

Smooth legs can be achieved by occasional hair-removing wax treatments or by regular rubbing with a hair-removing disc. These are most effective if used with a brisk rotary movement. Flaky roughness of skin can be prevented by rubbing with a little hand lotion. There is no need to be extravagant with this; the excess which is left on the hands after nightly use can be worked into the legs and it helps to give the satiny appearance which cobweb nylons demand.

A WORD about knees. Large rough-skinned knees can be very ugly indeed. An exercise which helps to keep them supple and free from rheumatism is this : Stand erect, bend knees and slowly sink to a squatting posture with back straight and arms outstretched in front. Massage the knees with the reducing lotion, using a kneading movement; always rub them very briskly with a rough towel after the bath, and when in the bath scrub them hard with a nail-brush well soaped.

Housemaids' knee has become housewives' knee! Spare a little cream or hand lotion for the knees to keep them smooth and make loose knee-caps of wash-leather lightly padded to save wear and tear from kneeling on damp, cold floors.

(On right) Marguerite Chapman, star of Columbia pictures, demonstrates two simple exercises for the legs and feet. (Top) The book exercise slims the calf by strengthening the muscles. Stand with feet together, heels on the edge of a thick book. Keeping the body erect, raise and lower the toes from the ground. (Below) To relax tired feet and strengthen the arches, roll the feet over a narrow, stout bottle. Alternate the feet every minute

Women who do their own housework know how lifficult it is to work in gloves, but rubber loves for wet work are a worth-while insurance, ven if one does without for other chores. There is a ood hand preparation which protects the hands rom dirt and hard water, and when removed leaves hem soft and smooth. It is ideal for preventing ragged cuticles and horny knuckles, both the bane of the woman who does her own housework.

IN a busy life it *is* difficult to keep up with the demands of a well-groomed appearance. Perfectly polished shoes, stockings with straight seams, heels which are never run over, blouses, handkerchiefs and underclothes which are immaculately fresh are details which need constant and remorseless attention, but in apportioning the time which can be devoted to the beauty of your appearance, do leave a generous margin for these matters, otherwise all efforts to achieve real beauty are in vain.

For a busy woman with little time to spare for detail it is wise to make absolute simplicity in dress and make-up the daily rule. Neat, tailored clothes, suits with immaculate blouses, dresses innocent of fussy detail give that smooth appearance so pleasing to the eye and so easy to maintain. Adopt a colour theme for your wardrobe. In this way it is possible to match or harmonize clothes, accessories and make-up without effort or great expense. Variety in relation to styles and colours is less important than co-ordination.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY BY CHRYSIS

If you want help with your beauty problems or further details of preparations mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope

SAUSAGE CROQUETTES WITH FRIED APPLE RINGS

Cold Weather

BREAKFAST is an important meal in which to concentrate nourishment during the winter for those going out to school or office. A good start to the day is essential, as satisfying midday meals are often hard to come by for busy people. On the other hand many people cannot eat what seems a large solid breakfast, and certainly have no time usually to make much of this meal. Therefore my recipe suggestions are nourishing, easy to eat and also appetizing to the half-hearted breakfaster.

Cereals are likely to be scarce so help them out with semolina girdle scones, served either with golden syrup or a few prunes :—

SEMOLINA GIRDLE SCONES

Ingredients: 4 oz. flour; 4 oz. semolina; pinch salt; milk and water mixed; 2 oz. fat; dessertspoonful baking powder.

Sift dry ingredients together and rub in fat. Form into light dough with milk and water and knead. Roll out to rather under ½-inch thick, cut in rounds, place on greased hot plate (set at low after heating) and cook for about 5 minutes on each side. If plate gets too hot lower heat after first 2 minutes. Alternatively these can be cooked in the oven. The following is another form of makeshift cereal which is good with fruit or cream :—

BREADCRUMB CEREAL

Ingredients: ½ lb. crushed baked crumbs; 2 tablespoonful golden syrup; 1 oz. margarine.

Melt syrup and fat together in frying pan. Add crumbs and cook gently till crumbs have absorbed all the mixture. Serve hot.

Porridge made from barley flakes has the advantage of being off points. As it is rather insipid I serve it with a spoonful of bran cereal and demerara sugar. These give flavour and take off the mushy feel of it. This, like girdle scones, can be served with syrup in a milk shortage.

Absence of bacon and scarcity of eggs and milk make the breakfast problem considerable, but after girdle cakes, fried bread or toast fingers spread with potted meat or beef extract and a few pieces of tomato on top make a good dish. A loofah-type cereal split in half and crisped in the oven or under the grill is delicious with scrambled dried egg and chopped parsley piled on each half, or there are sausage croquettes with apple rings :—

SAUSAGE CROQUETTES WITH FRIED APPLE RINGS

Ingredients: 4 oz. sausage meat; 2 oz. breadcrumbs; 1 dessertspoonful chopped parsley or teaspoonful mixed herbs; 2 large cooking apples; 4 tablespoonfuls crumbs.

Mix sausage, crumbs and parsley together and season. Form into croquettes. Dip in milk and cover with crumbs. Leave a few minutes and fry. Peel and core apples. Cut into rings

CHOCOLATE SWISS ROLL

January Parties

JANUARY is a stern month for adults, but for the school child it is—party month! We can gather a secondhand glow of excitement in preparing these revels as we think up novelties for these special occasions. Here are several basic recipes from each of which you can make a number of completely different good things for the table :—

DECORATED SHORTBREAD

Breakfasts

and dip in milk. Drain, then dip in breadcrumbs and fry. Serve with croquettes.

MOCK KEDGEREE

Ingredients: 4 oz. crushed macaroni; smoked haddock, cooked and flaked; parsley, seasoning; 1 oz. margarine.

Cook macaroni in boiling water until tender, about 10 minutes. Drain well. Add flaked haddock or other left-over fish and a tablespoonful chopped parsley, season. Melt margarine in pan and add mixture, mix well. Heat through and serve.

Here are more suggestions for your main dish :—

BREAKFAST GRILLS

Dessertspoonful minced liver in thick sauce on a round of buttered toast. Place on top two or three fried mushrooms or slices of tomato and a sausage ring. This is made by rolling a small piece of sausage meat on a floured board into a finger. Twist into a ring, dip in milk and crumbs and fry.

BREAKFAST RAREBIT

Ingredients: 1 tablespoonful flour; 1 oz. margarine; 1 dried egg reconstituted; a little milk; chopped parsley; bacon or flakes of cooked kipper.

Melt margarine in pan. Blend flour with it and stir till cooked, add a little milk gradually and stir till it forms a thick paste. Add seasoning and egg and cook gently 2 or 3 minutes without boiling. Spread on buttered toast.

SCOTCH PANCAKES

Ingredients: ½ lb. plain flour; pinch salt; dessertspoonful baking powder; 1 egg reconstituted; ½ pint milk and water mixed.

Beat egg and a little milk, sift dry ingredients together, add flour and milk gradually alternatively to egg. Beat well until quite smooth. Let stand a short time. Heat and grease girdle or thick frying pan. Drop spoonfuls a little way apart, and cook 3 or 4 minutes for each side.

Keep some by you and warm up and use like waffles with savoury bits on top such as prune and bacon, scrambled fish, etc.

No Potato Wasted

We cannot afford to waste even an ounce of potato now. Left-overs can be used in many ways or eked out with something else: potato cakes, half flour and half potato, creamed together with a little milk or beaten egg are delicious fried and served instead of potatoes; or cover a shepherd's pie with potato and breadcrumb mixed. If you are used to thickening with potatoes, make a thickening with one of the prepared barley flours instead.

A few roasted potatoes left over can be cut up small to go into an omelette or savoury pancakes or to help at breakfast with a few tomatoes added. Little cakes of carrot and potato are good, or potato beaten up with milk and chopped parsley and put into small scallop shells or ramikins. One of the most excellent methods of using potato and vegetable scraps is the old favourite—bubble and squeak.

Bubble and Squeak

Blend vegetables and potatoes smoothly and bind with a walnut of softened dripping, shape into round and fry in a little smoking hot fat. Shake pan gently to prevent sticking. When done and fat is absorbed, turn unbrowned side on to a plate (plate upside down over pan, hold firmly and reverse). Slide unbrowned side back into pan, fry as before.

Harriet Muir

SHORTBREAD

Ingredients: 6 oz. fat; 14 oz. flour; 2 oz. sugar.

Slightly warm fat and soften, add sugar and work in flour. Take nearly half of mixture (if it does not hold together, add a very little water), press into greased sandwich tin, smooth top with knife, prick all over with a fork and press sides with fork to make an edging. Bake at Regulo 3, or 300° F. for about 40 minutes. If it gets too brown, move to lower shelf when half cooked. When cold decorate with water icing and sugar flowers. Use remaining half of mixture for biscuits :—

CHOCOLATE BISCUITS

Mix 1 oz. cocoa and ½ oz. sugar with just enough milk to make a stiff paste. Work half of the remaining shortbread mixture into it. Knead until thoroughly mixed and roll out thinly. Cut in fingers ½ inch wide and 3 inches long and place on greased baking tins. Cook in moderate oven, Regulo 4 or 350° F. for about 20 minutes. Sprinkle with sugar.

CHOCOLATE SWISS ROLL

Mix 1 oz. cocoa and 1 oz. sugar into sponge mixture. Well grease a Swiss roll tin and line with greased paper. Spread mixture over it. Bake in quick oven, Regulo 7, of 450° F. for 7 minutes or until done. Turn out on to a sugared paper laid on a cloth damped in hot water. Roll up quickly and leave in paper till cool. Unroll and fill with butter icing flavoured with vanilla. Roll up again and cover roll with marzipan. Slice and place a glacé cherry in centre of each.

BRIDGE ROLLS

BRIDGE ROLLS

Ingredients: 1 lb. self-raising flour; 4 oz. margarine; salt; ½ pint milk and water.

Add salt to flour and rub in fat. Mix to a light dough with milk and water and knead gently. Form into rolls, some about 3 inches long and some about 5 inches. Place on greased baking sheets and bake in quick oven, Regulo 6 or 400° F., for about 20 minutes.

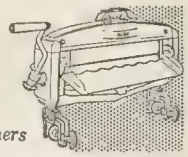
When cold split some of the larger rolls, fill with jam and cover with chocolate icing, or make boats like this :—

Take half a bridge roll and scoop out centre. Fill with savoury filling. Make a mast with stick and add coloured paper sails.

Mrs. Howard looks forward to the day her ACME comes

"You can be sure I'll wait" she says

Mrs. Howard does her mother's washing as well as her own. With a husband and two children that's certainly a wash. "I know just how perfect my wash will be when I get an Acme," she says. "But I'm not grumbling about waiting. Acmes are doing a difficult job well, turning out so many and seeing to it all women have a chance, by sending them fairly all over the country. They've not been making Acmes of course for six years—and my husband tells me things like steel and so on are still very short. But nothing's going to make me have a second-best—I'm going to wait and have an Acme!"



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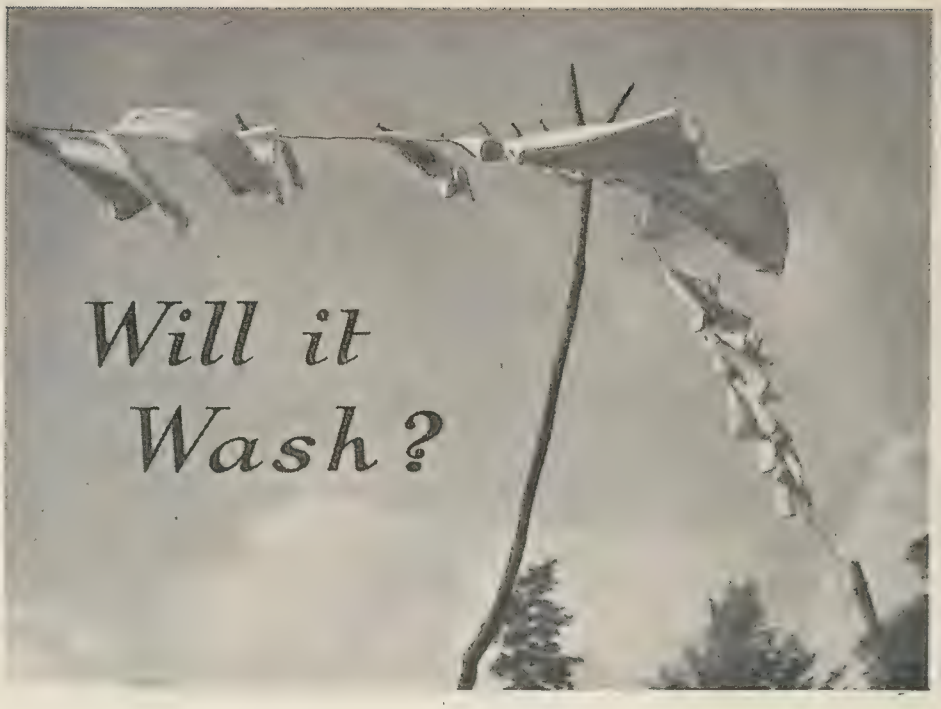

Almost all fabrics will wash if treated properly. Here are some hints on washing the more commonly used fabrics which will help to avert washday disasters

AS a first precaution, look at the pedigree whenever you buy new material. If the label says "AntiShrink" or "Shrink Proof" then you are safe. If it doesn't, play for safety. Try a little piece first—a belt or an odd scrap of the material—to test the probability of shrinkage and to see that the colour is fast.

Difficult frocks and chancy-looking jumpers can be pinned or tacked to an old towel or a piece of butter muslin before being popped into the soap suds. After washing it is a simple matter to press them back to the original shape.

Limit the actual washing time. The greatest amount of dirt is removed during the first five minutes so twenty minutes should be ample. It is best to use fresh soap suds if your clothes won't come clean. One ounce to one gallon of water is quite sufficient for a good lather. A little borax will soften hard water and make the soap go farther.

Dirty clothes will give thanks for a short preliminary soak. Use cold or tepid water for this because hot water is apt to fix most of the common stains. Cold or tepid water softens them.

RAYON. The golden rule for washing rayons is to treat them gently when wet and iron on the wrong side with a cool iron when nearly dry.

The toughest types of rayon belong to the viscose family. These will stand up to most things.

The most tricky are the acetate rayons. These "fuse up" and melt when pressed with too hot an iron, so beware.

Although rayons tend to lose their strength when wet they regain it as they dry. Few people realize this. Rayon stockings which are given ample drying time—say two days—last twice as long as those washed each night for wear the next morning. Nylons, of course, are quite different. The fibres don't absorb water and are dry in ten minutes.

WOOL. Use tepid water and not hot water for woollies and a fresh lot of soap suds if the garment is really grubby. "Gently does it" is the maxim to remember when washing wool. Never rub, never wring, always squeeze and knead.

Rinsing must be continued until every particle of soap is removed. The stuffy smell often associated with a drawer full of woollies is simply due to insufficient rinsing. Soap is made from fats and if left in the clothes it may go rancid. A bad colour and harsh, felty texture are also due to the same cause.

Dry wool away from direct heat—preferably in the open air. If you *must* iron, wait until the garment is almost dry and then use a well-padded board and a moderately hot iron.

COTTON is the washerwoman's joy. Provided the colour is fast, you can even boil it. It is best ironed damp. The shortage of soap demands more use of bleaches and soap powders for home washing of cottons—especially household linen. These are excellent, but should be used with discretion if the material is to last. Very thorough rinsing to remove all lingering traces of the bleach or washing powder is enough to ensure safety. Be generous with rinsing water and put the fabric through at least three different lots.

Overture

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YOU FELLOWS HEARD THAT SCHWEPPES IS COMING BACK SOON?
OF COURSE! AND I KNOW THE DATE— IT'S FEBRUARY 1st.
DAVID LANGDON

Here Comes The Lady

(*Continued from page 12*)

The youngest cadet grabbed the bouquet with which he had been entrusted, and proudly presented it. Then somebody saw that Flapjack himself was right at the back, trying to pretend that he wasn't there at all, but looking very proud, and a good deal younger than they had ever seen him before. There was a new and unbelievable radiance about old Flapjack! By jove, he's got what it takes, said Freeman to himself. That was when the cheering began. The ship went mad, and the Wart Hog decided that was the time to feel sick, and he tottered out.

"That'll teach the *Thunderbolt* never to brag about its damn-fool entertainments again," said Freeman when it was over. "Oh boy, oh boy, what a success!"

Hector Ford, feeling weak, had gone to his cabin. He sat down heavily on the bunk with the regulation navy blue blanket, initialled in scarlet as supplied by Messrs. Gieves. He felt awful! Fragments of music and laughter on the quarterdeck came down to him, and he could hear a Marine band, taking hell out of "A Life on the Ocean Wave." Then the curtains fluttered, and were pulled aside, and somebody came in. The scent of Chypre stirred him, and he saw the glitter of very lovely blonde hair.

"Well, Hector?" said Lady Phipps, rather grandly.

"Rosemary, what on earth are you doing here? How did you get down to my cabin?"

She ignored that. "Do you remember," she inquired, "once I said that I might hold you to something that you said. I wasn't a lady, that was where my qualifications slipped up. I am a lady now. What are you going to do about it?"

If this were a joke, it was in the worst possible taste, he told himself. He swallowed hard. "You've married him," he said.

"Hector, do you know that I fretted for you all last winter? I came out here, foolishly sick for the sight of you, and I don't suppose you ever gave me a single thought."

If only she had not looked so infinitely ovely, far lovelier than ever he had remembered her, he could have put on the quarterdeck manner, but suddenly he knew that she held all the court cards in her hand, and he had better call misère and have done with it. "I was a damned fool," he told her.

"You were very cruel. I said I'd hold you to what you said, and I'm doing it." She came closer. "Are you going to run away?"

Horror trickled down his spine. He and the Admiral's lady alone in his cabin, promotion slipping from him by knots, and he not knowing what to do. "I should be dismissed the Service," he said hoarsely.

"Quite probably! But you should have thought of that before you made those very rash conditions."

"I—I seem to have missed the boat. I was a fool." He looked at her and felt an infinite longing.

She did not flicker, but stared with the tranquil eyes that held no spark of affection for him any more. "Yes, you certainly missed the boat and you made me desperately unhappy."

"And you married the old man out of pique."

"You're wrong there. I married him because I found I could depend on him, he would never let me down. I happen to care for him in a way that I could never care for you."

She walked out into the alley where small arms gleamed, and the Marine sentry hurriedly thrust a copy of *Film Lovelies* inside his tunic, and sprang vigorously to attention. Some goings-on, said he to himself.

She left behind her the scent of Chypre and camellias, and Hector Ford knew that it would be a long day before he recovered from this shock, if ever, and her winter of misery might be past but his gruesome summer was to come. Damn it all, she *was* a lady!

On the quarterdeck, Symons was standing feeling rather grim. Nobody had given him any kudos for the show, and after all, without his valiant services they would never have got Rosemary. They still thought him wet. There seemed to be no way out.

Rosemary saw him, and she "got" the atmosphere. She slipped her hand into his arm. "Dear old Sim," she said, "none of this would have happened, if you hadn't been here." They went to the gangway like that, together, arm in arm. Young Symons felt elated, he felt no longer wet! Hang it all, he and old Flapjack were practically cousins now. He was a made man, and he knew it. And when she had been piped over the side with the old man, Symons set his cap at a rakish angle, and with hell in his eye, went back for another drink.

THE Admiral's barge shoved off for Algeciras. The officers had gathered at the ship's side, and cheered. A lovely, ghost-like girl threw them kisses, and her hand held that of old Flapjack, under his boat-cloak.

Below in his cabin, Hector Ford was drafting an application for a transfer. It was curious, but with regard to him, the same idea had occurred to a honeymooning Admiral.

END

The Madonna Of The Sleeping Cars

(*Continued from page 25*)

that the goddesses, or huntresses, of which the novel had told, were next to extinct. A few having wealthy protectors still managed to mount the international trains, but they weren't the really independent types. "We used to have women—splendid creatures, some of them—who made regular runs the whole way to Constantinople, and not necessarily for money either, but for the adventure. They can't get the permits any more. Nor the sleeping cars!" But that was not to say that newcomers of resembling bent did not get by. The thing now was to attract as little attention as possible.

I was not to imagine, because international travel was severely controlled, that people didn't get around. On the contrary, there was a growing business in black market travel and in clandestine transportation, each founded upon "documents of accommodation," and if women were readier clients than men, that was easily explained: infinitely more men were able to travel above ground, with their official and military duties, and business calls.

I bethought myself of the "underground railroading" in operation between the Soviet sphere and the West, of Jewish stealth across Europe, and of Communist comings and goings in secret, and decided that, all the same, many more males were moving clandestinely than females.

Now footloose ladies of the hour who try to skip across frontiers, can be the expression of madcap innocence, compared with their worldly and selfseeking forerunners of the sleeping cars, but the difficulty is in being sure about it. Women who wear uniforms to which they are not entitled, or who utilize doctored papers so as to facilitate a holiday or a whim, may clearly be capable of other activities in the course of their perigrinations. At the least, they befog the business of tracking down other women suspect of working for specific gangs and groups, and also, as likely as not, masquerading.

Quite an assortment with the madonna's predilection for adventure and lush-living must have found their way into the zones of occupation in some capacity or other. At one time it was a climate which suited them down to the ground: (*Continued on page 52*)

Whatever the occasion, however critical the glances, you can be confident in the sheer beauty of Tudorose fully fashioned stockings. They give you long ladder-free life.

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Works Outside! "Vick" warms the skin like a poultice, relieving achy tightness.
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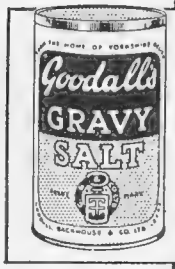

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P4

unlimited umasculine appeal laid on, a spacious choice of old fools, and loot or jewellery for the winning. There has since come a sifting out, by which local belles would appear to have fully benefited, if the following from Trieste be any criterion :

> *Glamorous golden-haired Yugo-Slav girl in red dress, and wearing a red hair ribbon, Miroslava Strukelj, a secretary in the American section of the Public Works Division, glared defiantly, shrugged her slender shoulders, and answered "Not guilty" in a bored monotone when accused of receiving two fur coats, a gold watch, and about £2,000 from various contractors.*

And to think that Trieste, in its gayer days, used to be a favourite port of call with those far off madonnas !

Venturesome would-be successors long to make port at boom spots on the other side of the world—Miami and Rio, Hong Kong and Macao, anywhere away from impoverished, penned-up Europe, even Tangier. They work overtime, poor dears, making up to touring business men and "visiting firemen," not excluding Congressmen. "Stateless ladies in search of staterooms" I've heard one brand called.

It is only when, defeated, they switch their attention to swells of the big four—black market, currency, gems and dope—that the arm of the law encircles their fashionable waistlines. Young women whose dashing appearance gives them aplomb, are rated among the best dissemblers and concealers, which accounts for a noted increase of female searchers at docks, airports and frontiers. It used to be "The gentlemen go by." Now it's more often "The ladies."

Nor is it seeing Mata Haris to mention a further possibility—that bored young women of restless imagination who know they've got something (in the elegant phrase) but can't use it, may allow themselves to become organizations, for the thrill of the thing and because it enables them to travel. I'm not thinking of the girl who was caught taking bombs to England; that's fanaticism. Rather of the tightened check which this risk renders necessary at points of entry to a variety of countries.

Sometimes a woman expected by air, is already listed for a quick turnabout before she lands. Or a woman may be intercepted, as the Bordeaux police did with a cabaret girl returning to North Africa. Some of these women have wartime dossiers, for it must be conceded that among those madonnas of the inter-war years—were types who lent themselves singularly to the work of collaboration.

By a false twist we see punished the cases that most arouse our sympathy. The frauleins who allow themselves to be packed away in crates and kitbags, risking slow suffocation on the chance of reunion with their men—or, more probably, for the chance of being quit of Germany and Austria. I reckon the crated girl far more deserving than the stowaway on shipboard. As for the girl who dresses up as a seaman, she can have a high, old time.

The extreme case was that of the fraulein who was borne over into Holland in a coffin. She's back in our zone again, free. One of the crated sisterhood got off with two months. Such as they come near to being the heroines of this story, as they certainly travel farthest from sleeping cars !

END

The Madonna Of The Sleeping Cars

Tide Into To-morrow (*Continued from page 20*)

vice-chairman and managing director of the giant Nuffield Organization.

A FORMER Lord Chief Justice and Lord Chancellor did start as a parliamentary correspondent, and the former head of America's biggest bank as a financial reporter; but usually writers don't change their jobs—men in other jobs turn to writing. Hardy was an architect, Conrad a sea captain, Bennett a solicitor's clerk, Wells a shop assistant, Frankau a tobacconist, and Wheatley a wine merchant.

A lean pale youngster, after a wartime spell in the R.N.V.R., became superintendent of a Scottish hospital. Then he went to Wales to work among coal-miners. At twenty-nine he was appointed Medical Inspector for Mines for Great Britain. He was thirty-one when he published two books. Their titles are rather dry: *Report on First-aid Conditions in British Coal Mines*, and *Dust Inhalation in Hæmatite Mines*. H.M. Stationery Office were his publishers. He came to London to practise, fell ill, and while recuperating in a lodging in a remote village, he wrote another book. This one was called *Hatter's Castle*. It was an immediate and immense success. A. J. Cronin decided to abandon medicine and become an author. He was thirty-eight. He told me with a chuckle over a cocktail in his London house once that he made more money in his first year of writing than he'd made in seven years of doctoring.

Schoolmasters and professors and scholars sometimes make surprising job switches. Henry Peacock, a Canadian clergyman's son, was English master at a Toronto college, when he met a banker who induced him to change his career. Now, seventy-seven, he's a director of Barclays and the Bank of England, and the doyen of British bankers.

A brilliant young Lancastrian with a big nose under a massive brow took his M.A. and B.Sc., researched in economics, and was appointed warden of Liverpool University Settlement. When he moved again, it was into Liverpool's biggest store. He turned from economics and sociology to practical matters relating to buying merchandize for resale to the masses, and getting more business for his store. He succeeded so well that he was the obvious choice for the wartime job of Food Minister, the world's biggest shopkeeper. Lord Woolton has since added to his big-business jobs the job of making the Conservative Party a more efficient political machine.

When Auckland Geddes explored in Edinburgh the make-up of the human body, subsequently taught his knowledge as Professor of Anatomy at Dublin, and then migrated to Canada to head McGill University, he hadn't the slightest notion of becoming a copper mogul. However, after the world war interlude—brother Eric, pulled from a big railway job to help Lloyd George, brought Auckland into the political swim—the Rhodesian copper financiers thought Auckland's strong, orderly, analytical mind was just the instrument their new metal empire needed. So the anatomist became chairman of the great Rhokana Corporation, and until he retired the other day, copper was his job.

Don Nelson didn't get so far along the academic road. He was studying physics with the idea of teaching and eventually becoming a professor of physics in a university. But his money ran out, and he found a job. He reckoned to save enough to resume his studies. The job was in the laboratory attached to the cosmetics and perfumery side of the big Sears Roebuck business in Chicago. The tall young physicist made some suggestions, was promoted, attracted the attention of old man Sears; and the upshot was that he never returned to the university. He applied his scientific mind to the problem of markets, became a head buyer, wound up as head of the concern. His reputation as a business organizer made Roosevelt appoint him boss of America's wartime production.

Mostly, these are success stories. Men do change jobs to their detriment, like a lawyer I know who became a hotelier but sometime later returned thankfully to the less worrying and surer livelihood afforded by the law. And others change their jobs to our detriment. How happy we might all be to-day if a man named Schickelgruber had stayed in his postcard-and-house painting job, and never taken up the political racket !

END

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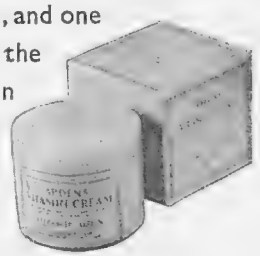

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VELVET CREPE PAPER COMPANY : LTD

The Corpse That Came Back

(*Continued from page 28*)

consequence, I did not object when Jean would take Germaine out into the country for a day's recreation. It was but a boy and girl friendship."

"A very broad-minded and generous attitude to take," Buffet commended.

"I trust my wife implicitly."

But had he? After Ferre had taken his departure Buffet pondered the point carefully. He found it hard to believe that a young husband would condone his bride of but fourteen months spending much of her time alone with a young man nearer her own age.

On the other hand, Ferre had admitted that in his younger days he had lived hard and fast. Now, perhaps, he was emotionally worn out—had reached the stage where no woman could hold his interest for long. Such being the case, it was quite possible that he had been indifferent regarding Germaine's friendship with Jean Champromis. But—Buffet shook his head—jealousy is an all-powerful motive. He ordered that Marcel Ferre's movements on the day of the murder be rigorously checked.

As for Jean Champromis, already officers were discreetly investigating the young man, but, as far as Buffet could see, Jean Champromis would have had no motive for strangling Germaine Goy. Immediately after her marriage, in a wild spasm of jealousy and thwarted love, it would have been understandable. But more than a year later—and especially as he had apparently been enjoying as much of Germaine's companionship as before her marriage—why would he have wanted to kill her? Yet investigation to date had failed to reveal that the murdered girl had ever been on terms of close friendship with any other man.

In the meantime, Inspectors Cambassedes and Blaches were investigating at Lake Chambon, looking especially for the spot where Germaine Ferre might have been strangled.

Searching through the trees and bushes that fringed the beach, their eyes upon the ground, they slowly threaded their way through the brush. And then Cambassedes stopped suddenly and called to Blaches.

"Look!" He pointed to the ground. "Tyre tracks! The new grass has not yet grown enough to hide them. Why would anyone park here so far from the road?"

Blaches shrugged.

"Possibly young lovers," he suggested. "This is a popular spot."

"It is too early in the season," Cambassedes doubted. "Too cold. Further, these tracks were made some weeks ago when it was even colder. Again, whoever threw that girl into the lake must have brought her here—either dead or alive—in a car. Perhaps these are the tracks of the murder car. Anyway, we will take an impression of these tyre markings."

The cast made, the two officers then started to interrogate all the inhabitants of Lake Chambon. They were but few—all permanent residents—for the season was too early for holiday visitors. But although they patiently put endless questions and made exhaustive notes, not until they talked with Monsieur Martin of the Blue Pavilion did the detectives garner much information. And it was not until he was asked whether he had noted anything unusual on the day of the murder that Martin was able to disclose anything that might have a bearing on the case.

"Although it is nothing," he smiled. "On April the eleventh, the day you believe the girl was throttled—I recall the date well—I did hear the sound of a boat on the lake. It was dark around eight o'clock and, my curiosity getting the better of me, I went down to the beach, arriving just as the boat came ashore. It was young Jean Champromis. He is an enthusiastic boater and had just bought a new canoe on which, he told me, he was trying to fix a mast and sail. I know the young man well. During the season he is here most week-ends."

Concluding then that they had exhausted the possibilities of Lake Chambon, Cambassedes and Blaches returned to headquarters.

As he carefully studied their reports the next morning, Buffet noted with quickening interest that they tied up with the report of Detective Robert, who had been detailed to trace the piece of iron used to weight the corpse. Ordinarily it would have proved a wellnigh impossible task to trace a length of broken railroad rail, but this piece had two one-inch holes bored in either end and microscopic examination had shown that they had been drilled fairly recently. In consequence, Robert had started calling upon all garages, machine shops and other places in Claremont-Ferrand where such work might have been done. Presently he reached the workshop of Pierre Pacros.

"Why, yes," Pacros exclaimed when shown the length of iron. "I drilled those holes for a young man named Champromis. His parents own the Majestic Hotel. When? Several weeks, perhaps two months ago."

It was all in Robert's report and as he compared it with what Cambassedes and Blaches had reported, Buffet decided that Jean Champromis must be brought in for questioning.

As Jean Champromis seated himself on the far side of Buffet's desk he showed himself to be a round-faced young man of sturdy physique.

"Just a few questions," Buffet said pleasantly. "You have no objections?"

"Of course not, M'sieur."

Consulting notes he had made, Buffet fired questions rapidly.

Yes, Champromis admitted readily, he had been out at Lake Chambon on April the eleventh to try out his new canoe. The piece of iron? He had picked it up at a junk yard and had the holes made so that he could use it as an anchor for his boat. He had no idea how the length of railroad rail came to be wrapped up with the murdered girl, but suggested that, seeing it in his canoe, the murderer had just taken it.

His movements on the day of the murder? Odd jobs around his parents' hotel until lunch time. He had then taken the family car to the Garage St. Clair for petrol, stopped at his usual barber shop for a shave and had then gone joy-riding until six o'clock with a girl friend. After dinner he had driven alone to Lake Chambon to try out his canoe, arriving home between eight and nine o'clock.

As Champromis spoke Buffet wrote down his answers. He then asked: "How did you feel when Germaine Goy married Marcel Ferre? Were you jealous?"

"Jealous, M'sieur?" Champromis raised his eyebrows. "But why should I have been? I am entirely dependent on my parents. They would never have allowed me to marry a girl without a dowry. We both knew this, therefore, when Germaine had the opportunity to marry a man in M'sieur Ferre's position she naturally accepted his offer. I did not mind at all and we continued to remain good friends."

"Then who would have wanted to murder her?"

"Who?" Champromis leaned forward. "Perhaps, M'sieur, her husband became jealous."

"Of you?"

"No. But Germaine was a very attractive girl. Other men noted the fact."

"So——?"

"I know—Germaine herself told me—that an older man was interested in her; had asked her to divorce Ferre and marry him."

Buffet stiffened. "Who?" he asked.

"M'sieur Demarest."

"What?" Buffet started violently. "The wealthy manufacturer?"

"Yes."

"Did Ferre know of this?"

"Yes."

"How did he react?"

"Seemingly he (*Continued on page 56*)

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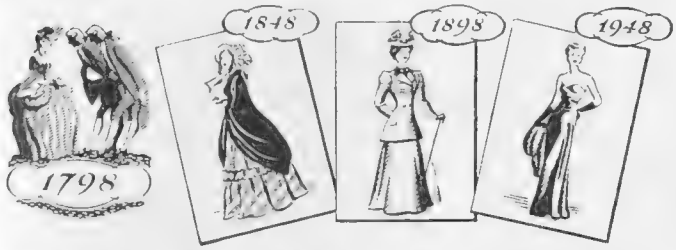

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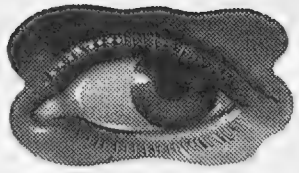

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was cynically indifferent, but perhaps his indifference was but a pose. Perhaps, fearing that he was going to lose Germaine to another man——" Champromis ended with a significant shrug.

"But perhaps you also were jealous of Demarest," Buffet said pointedly.

"I, M'sieur?" Resentful colour flamed for a moment in Jean Champromis's cheeks. "I was not Germaine's husband."

"Of course not," Buffet soothed, noting that sudden flash of hot colour, and terminated the interview.

For a long time after that Buffet sat at his desk conning it all over. Apparently there had been three men in the murdered girl's life, any one of whom might have strangled her in a sudden, blinding seizure of jealousy. And as for Jean Champromis, well, he had offered a very plausible explanation of his movements on April the eleventh, but, of course, his alibi still had to be carefully checked.

But Demarest! Buffet decided that he must also question him.

When Demarest arrived at headquarters, Buffet studied him keenly. He saw before him a tall, slim man in his early fifties, immaculately dressed. And he was rich. Exactly the type of older man who would prove very attractive to young women.

Only too eager to clear himself, Demarest stated that from April the sixth until April the twentieth he had been in Paris. He gave the name of the hotel where he had stayed and requested that this be checked at once by telegram. He was very much upset over Germaine Goy's tragic end, he admitted, but could offer no suggestions as to the likely identity of the murderer.

A wire from the hotel confirmed Demarest's alibi. All Buffet could now do was to await the reports of the officers checking up on the movements of Marcel Ferre and Jean Champromis on the day of the murder.

When he arrived at his office the next morning, Buffet found the reports on his desk. He studied them eagerly.

Every moment of Marcel Ferre's movements on April the eleventh had been accounted for.

Buffet then scrutinized the report on Jean Champromis.

He had been around his parents' hotel until after lunch. At one o'clock he had called at the Garage St. Clair for petrol. At one-thirty he had been at his barber's, leaving just before two. But, he had not picked up his girl friend until four-thirty!

Buffet ordered that Jean Champromis be brought to his office at once.

"M'sieur Champromis," Buffet began sternly, "all I want to know is this: Where were you and what did you do between two and four-thirty on the afternoon of April the eleventh?"

"Why——" Champromis's face paled slightly and a pulse in his throat commenced to throb visibly. "Why, M'sieur, as I told you, I was joy-riding with a girl friend."

"These reports," Buffet replied, "state that you left your barber's just before two, but you did not pick up your girl friend until four-thirty."

The Corpse That Came Back

"But I did, M'sieur! I picked her up at two o'clock."

"The girl," Buffet went on relentlessly, "works in a bank. The manager, her fellow employees and herself swear that she did not finish work for the day until just after four."

"But——" Champromis's throat worked convulsively. "I tell you——"

"No more lies, please," Buffet interrupted. "Here is what we know:

"About eight o'clock on the evening of April the eleventh Monsieur Martin saw you in your canoe on Lake Chambon. Plaster casts of tyre marks found in the bushes near the beach prove that your family car had been parked there. You have admitted ownership of the length of iron rail found wrapped up with the dead body of Germaine Ferre."

"But, M'sieur!" Champromis strained forward. "Are you hinting that I killed Germaine? Why should I wish to strangle her, my dearest friend?"

"Perhaps because you were jealous and afraid—afraid that M'sieur Demarest was going to take her away from you."

"But——"

"A few minutes ago I asked you a simple question," Buffet interrupted. "I repeat that question. Where were you and what did you do between two and four-thirty on the afternoon of April the eleventh? That is all I ask you to explain."

For long moments Champromis could only stare wildly, the blood slowly draining from his cheeks, then:

"M'sieur," he began quiveringly, "at two o'clock on April the eleventh I picked up Germaine. We drove out to Lake Chambon and there I parked in the bushes and started to plead with her not to accept the offer of M'sieur Demarest. I pointed out that I would be desolate if she went away. But Germaine was determined, M'sieur, very firm. She said that her husband no longer loved her, or she him, that my parents would never allow me to marry her, and that as the young wife of the wealthy Demarest she would have everything.

"At that, M'sieur, something inside my head seemed to explode. Presently I realized that my hands had tightened about her throat and that she was dead. But, mon Dieu, I did not mean to kill her."

"And then what?"

"I placed her body in the back of the car and covered it with rugs," Champromis went on chokingly, tears now streaming down his cheeks. "I then drove back to town. From my room I fetched the old sleeping-bag. After dark I drove back to Lake Chambon, wrapped poor Germaine in the bag, together with the piece of iron, placed her in my canoe and dropped her into the water far out on the lake."

"But later that afternoon you were pleasure-riding with another girl. Where was Germaine's body then?"

"Still in the back of the car, M'sieur."

"Mon Dieu!" Buffet breathed horrifiedly.

Pressing a buzzer on his desk he signed to the two officers who answered to take the shivering Jean Champromis away.

END

The Price Of Coal (*Continued from page 16*)

once a profitable mine. A forgotten section of Britain; a place once green with young grass; a place which, in time, became industrialized and grey. A place which, to-day, is merely an unsightly dirt-laden hard-core, laid bare by man in his continuous search for fuel. . . .

For generations, like the families of countless thousands of miners, "Geordie's" folk were born in the kingdom of Coal; they grew up among it; they earned their living cutting it. Dozens of them died or were maimed that way. And "Geordie's" old father, partially paralysed by the Black King, waits to-day—I was tempted to imagine that he waits almost impatiently—for that final curtain to come down and blot out his grey background. I sat at his side by the cheerless fire and heard an epic story. . . .

On the day he was born his four brothers and three sisters were kept away from home for as long as possible. The three older boys were at work . . . sitting alone in semi-darkness, opening and closing pit-ventilation doors for twelve hours a day, seven days a week. The eldest girl had followed her mother's footsteps, and had been "taken on" in the "Ball-and-Chain" gang; she was learning how to wear a stout leather belt which had two steel chains attached. Chains which passed between her thin thighs and were hooked with others to laden coal-tubs On hands and knees the gangs crawled along, dragging those tubs (*Continued on page 58*)

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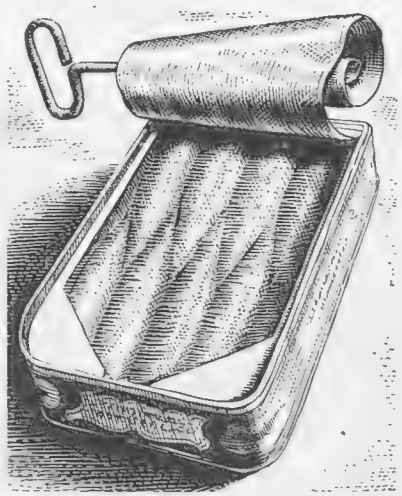

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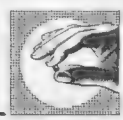

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The Price Of Coal

from coal-face to shaft-bottom. The three youngest children had been farmed out to a kindly neighbour for the day while the birth took place; to the blessed relief of a woman already impoverished by malnutrition, it happened during the hours of daylight. It was well, because brothers, sisters, mother and father shared the one bedroom . . . for this was just another dying mining village of the "hungry 'sixties."

A poor start for any child; but at the age of twelve he was "down the pit," working a ten-hour day—"things had improved a bit *by then*"—and getting exactly nine shillings a week for his labours. He had been at the job nearly a year when King Coal rebelled one night and laid a grisly hand on the mine. The clamour of that insistent alarm bell roused the youngster from his sleep, and the memory was seared on his brain. By the time he stumbled wide-eyed into the narrow street, everyone, miners' wives, children, shift-men who had been resting, were standing rigid, rooted to the spot. Tight-lipped. Listening. . . .

It nearly broke his heart. It broke his mother's . . . but he went on, doggedly, and reached his twenty-first birthday drawing full pay, piece rate. Interpreted, it meant so much a ton cut. At so much a ton Best, Seconds, Thirds. It was tough going, for, in those "enlightened days" miners themselves riddled what they cut, separating the output into the three grades. And, remember, about this time Best House Coal, delivered to your cellar, cost SIXPENCE A HUNDREDWEIGHT!

Not many miles from his decaying cottage, the nearest pit to-day is more than seventy per cent mechanized; coal is machine cut, hauled on a conveyer belt, mechanically screened into grades. And there is plenty of water in those pit-head baths, said the old miner, which gives a man the chance to freshen himself up. Feel good and clean. But—not all the water in the world, he went on, could ever cleanse from the minds of the older generation those memories of the dark days when miners came under official microscopes, when subsequent Government statistics were printed in the cold language of White Papers and Blue Books.

Publications which showed that wages were "a great deal higher in 1900 than any year since 1872"—which was when the paralysed man reached his sixth birthday; which showed, also, the sharp decrease in coal as Britain's most vital industry followed hard on the heels of the tragic 'twenties. And that, in this period, vast numbers of miners emigrated to America and elsewhere, ". . . where they could earn far better wages under far better conditions of employment." *That was nearly thirty years ago.*

Thirty years ago—when the coalfields of South Wales alone produced and sold at good prices more than 55,000,000 tons. But scientists came along and showed industry how to use coal less wastefully; so production declined to 36,000,000 tons—and the man-power needed to produce this reduced amount contracted with the new innovations. The result was that public assistance sent local rates soaring; in Merthyr Tydfil, for example, the figure rose to 27s. 6d., with nearly fifty-seven per cent—15s. 7d.—paid out in unemployment relief.

Facts. Facts as cold as an empty grate; for instance, throughout the world, in 1800, about 277,000,000 tons of coal were cut. In 1937 the figure had risen to 1,446,000,000 tons. In that year Europe's annual output stood at 823,000,000 metric tons; and in Britain alone it was 244,000,000 metric tons, of which we consumed 185,000,000, *and exported the balance.* That was ten years ago—and, at that time, the official "expectation of life" of Britain's coal industry stood at around the six-hundred-year mark; with—the experts put it in plain language—"some areas having nearly twice as long, in certain places as much as four times, to live as others."

From America to-day comes the cry: "Alone, with her coal exports back to pre-war, *Britain can change the face of Europe.*"

The door of that decaying cottage was thrown open. "Geordie" came in, fresh and clean and smiling. He beamed at me. Said there would be plenty to do this week, packing up the few bits and pieces that are their home. Next week—"we shift into a new house, thank God." An airy place, where a "fellow can feel there *is* something to live for!" Yes, "Geordie" quit the sea to go back to the job that killed so many of his folk before him, the job that maimed his father for life. "And it's worth it," he said. "*Though it's going to take an almighty long time educating the older hands out of their opinion that hard work's not much use because it only puts more money into the pockets of the idle capitalists!*" He grinned. "Geordie" knew what he was talking about.

END

In Search Of Glamour

(*Continued from page 40*)

extremes. Frankly, I do not think that a scrubbing brush is the right implement to use on your face and neck. Personally, I would hate to use a scrubbing brush anywhere near my eyes. I believe in a good strong rubber sponge or a face flannel. . . . I believe in lukewarm water and a mild complexion soap. . . . I do not believe in ice as a stimulant any more than I believe in leaving face cream on the face all night. Women who prefer a cleansing milk to soap should rinse off the cleansing milk in the same way that they would rinse off a lather of soap. After you have massaged your face with whichever skin food you prefer, the cream should be removed and the face rinsed with cool water.

END

That Which Was Lost

(*Continued from page 32*)

from the circle around him to greet Lord Charles. "This is nice of you," he said, but it was clear that something had upset the great man. Rossi, too, was watching him rather anxiously, for Carinetti's servant knew a great deal about his master.

"You were magnificent, Carlo, as usual," Lord Charles said, with casual ease.

Carinetti was silent, watching his visitor's calm blue eyes. He was a great violinist, but he lacked the other's background and that complete self-assurance which comes to a man of birth and tradition.

"By the way, Carlo, you were good enough to admire that little Campugno sketch of mine last night," Lord Charles said.

"The one of St. Anthony of Padua? A very lovely picture. . . ."

"It was reproduced very beautifully a month or so ago in one of the art magazines. If you would care to have it, I'll send you a copy."

"This is kind of you, Lord Charles," the violinist said in a tone which showed he was quite out of his depth.

"It will be a pleasure. There is much of the colour and light of the Campugno sketch in the reproduction. I always think that St. Anthony of Padua is the most delightful and comforting of all the saints, don't you?"

Poor Carinetti was in deep water. He had no idea what had happened or what his visitor was getting at. All he knew was that the miniature he had "borrowed" had disappeared mysteriously from his dressing-room, and that Lord Charles was talking about another picture altogether, as if nothing had happened.

"St. Anthony of Padua," he repeated uneasily. "I'm afraid I don't know as much about him as I should."

"He is the saint who gives back to us that which we have lost," Lord Charles explained so gravely that Carinetti almost missed the twinkle in his blue eyes.

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C.C.15B

Scottish Marriage (*Continued from page 19*)

people loved each other, it made everything right."

"John!" cried Mrs. Beatson, darting forward in time to catch his raised arm. "Remember, remember what the doctor said."

"Is this the moment to remember?" thundered Mr. Beatson. "She glories in her shame." He rose, and walked into the hall, returning with a small riding-whip in his hand. His eyes were blazing with humiliated anger. He laid a hand on Justina's shoulder. Perhaps something in its childish slenderness, and the icy cold of her even through the Paisley gown, gave him a moment's flicker of pity, for he said more quietly, "It is to save your soul, Justina, that I give you these stripes. Sin must be punished, and you have sinned exceedingly."

He raised his arm, and then, quite suddenly, as it seemed, someone who had, unnoticed, followed him in, caught that same arm in a grip of iron.

"Now it is enough. We go no further with this nonsense," said a quiet voice.

A young man stood there in the firelight, a tall, strong young figure, dark-haired, pale-faced, grey eyed, with very long black lashes. He spoke with a slight foreign accent.

"Damn you, sir. Let go my arm!"

"I do not think so," said young André Duvier. "I am younger and much stronger than you, and I do not think I let go until you decide to put down that whip."

As, so, for a second, they all stood, the whole group might have been modelled in coloured wax; the silver-haired father in his dark blue coat, the tall, high-cheeked mother, in her puce taffeta gown, the white-faced, helpless, bewildered girl, and the young Frenchman with his eyes flashing anger and contempt. Then, carelessly, almost, he wrested the whip from Mr. Beatson in one quick movement, and tossed it on to the floor behind him. He dropped Mr. Beatson's arm, and taking no further notice of him at all, he came to Justina and said very softly, "Come, my little one. Sit down, here in this armchair."

While the parents still remained, as perhaps young Duvier would himself have described it, "bouchebeyante," he led Justina to the tall Queen Anne chair by the fire, and settled her in it, with a cushion behind her. Then he turned to her mother.

"My father, having received your message that Madamoiselle was too ill for her singing-lesson," he said, "sent me to make inquiries for her health. What I see here, I do not like."

"Damn you, sir!" burst out Mr. Beatson again. "Who the devil are you to like or dislike what I do in my own house?"

"I see there the Holy Bible," said André quite tranquilly. "If it is, as appears, your guide and mentor . . . you say mentor? . . . may I remind you of some words about offending the little ones? This little daughter of yours is but sixteen. I met Dr. Gibson at the door. He and I spoke a little together. Then I came in. No, he told me no secrets. I only guess at what I see. I have once or twice seen Mlle. Justina at the edge of the garden at night, with her love, and I know."

"Then you also know, sir, that this little one, whom you seem to pity, is no more than a common woman!" said the father violently.

"That expression I do not know," said André, still quietly, though there was something in his eye that belied his statement. "Only I know that she is suffering cruelly. Sir, have you never lost one you loved? Are you incapable of understanding what this child is feeling at this moment?"

His question emptied itself into a strange silence. Was it, perhaps, that allusion to the offence against the little ones? Was it helpless inability to deal with the situation? Or was it simple shock, at being thus bearded for the first time, perhaps, since his marriage? At all events, Mr. Beatson fell heavily back into his chair, staring from under his beetling brows at the young Frenchman, while Mrs. Beatson sank into a low seat beside him. The old clock ticked away a couple of heavy minutes. Then André Duvier came over to Justina and knelt beside her, shutting her out from all sight of her parents and of the room, so that all she could see was his young face, in the firelight, strong and pitiful as the face of an angel.

"My little one," he said, in a voice so changed that she could hardly believe it was the same man speaking. "You are in bitter sorrow. But be brave. Your love was perfect to the end. You have that to remember."

For the first time there welled up into Justina's wide eyes, tears. Her lips quivered.

"You're so kind," she said in a pitiful little voice. "May I tell *you* how it was?"

"Tell me," said André Duvier, still kneeling by her, and he made a silencing gesture with his hand to the other two. The crackling of the log fire and the ticking of the grandfather clock were the only sounds in the room. Both the parents seemed to have been laid under a spell. They sat quite still.

"It was at the Ne'er-Day dance in the Town Hall," said Justina, still in that childish, bewildered little voice. "You remember it? He asked me for a dance. Mamma was not sure if she liked it, because his father was the butcher."

"My father is a poor music-teacher," said André. "It makes nothing."

"No, nothing," said Justina. For the first time she smiled a very faint smile. "You know," she said, "how it comes?"

"I know how it comes," said André, his dark eyes meeting hers always.

"He said he must see me again. We didn't know how to do it. Then he said couldn't I come down into the garden next evening, late, after the castle was all in bed."

There was a sudden movement and snort from the owner of the castle.

"I crept down and let myself out very softly at the wee postern door. That was the beginning."

"Yes . . . yes," said André. "And after that it all was so quick, so quick. Every night you met it became more wonderful and strange and more beautiful. And then he told you it was what all lovers did?"

"Yes," said Justina, her big trustful eyes still fixed on his, which were as kind and as pitying as Christ's own.

"And so it went on. And did he say anything about marrying?"

"He said my father would never. . . . Then, last night, there was a wild rain and it was black dark. I begged him to be careful going home, for the Witches Burn was running high and wild, and the plank bridge over it is so narrow and high, and he had no lantern with him. He laughed and said never to fear. I told him the Witches hated lovers, they are jealous. He said no one and nothing could hurt him while he had my love, and then he held me close . . . close."

Her voice broke. She had not known that the tears were running down her cheeks until this moment.

"That's all," she said, and hid her face in her two hands.

André Duvier put out an arm and let her rest her face on his shoulder. Then, half-turning, he said: "This is the child upon whom you were going to use that whip."

Mr. Beatson seemed to pull himself together from a discomfortable brooding.

"All very fine, sir," he said. "I know what your morals are in France. Do you realize that she is with child? And that hideous as that thought would have been, we cannot even force that fellow to wed her, because he is dead?"

André Duvier gently withdrew his arm from Justina and laid her back against the cushion in the chair. Then he rose, and came forward.

"I understand this very well," he said, "that whatever the morals of France, and those we will not discuss, my Maman will be kind to this child. She is gentle and tender and understanding. My papa, too, likes, and has always liked her. She is his favourite pupil. Therefore it seems to me that the thing to do is to ask her hand in marriage, at once. I am twenty-five, I have lived a clean life, I have just obtained a good post, as leader of the orchestra in an (*Continued*) *on page 62*

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English town in the south. I am to leave in a week. This will take Justina away from her memories and her sorrow, and help her to live through this time of suffering. I will be kind to her, you need have no fear."

Mr. Beatson, too, had risen, and now stood facing the younger man.

"Of all the stupefying, God-damned impertinence!" he said.

"But John," burst in his wife, as if unable to contain herself.

"Well?"

"Don't you think . . . oh John, forgive me for interfering, but . . . don't you think . . . ? It would save Justina's name, and the baby would have a father. Folk need never know. We might even let them think she had run off with him. John, I beg you to reflect."

"You're asking me to take a *Frenchman* for my son-in-law? And a Papist?"

André Duvier snapped his fingers very lightly. "If this is all," he said, "we are Protestants, from Brittany. Nor, according to your law, am I a Frenchman. For I was born here in Langness after my parents came over from France in 1840 after the fall of the monarchy. Therefore by your law, I am a Scotsman."

"*John!*" said Mrs. Beatson again.

Mr. Beatson rolled his long lip between finger and thumb. "A fiddler," he said. "My daughter to marry a fiddler."

It was here that the high-cheeked, anxious-eyed worm in the puce gown suddenly turned.

"My certie, John!" she cried. "Are we not lucky to get her married at all?"

"You're speaking sense," said John Beatson grudgingly. He turned back to André. "Are you, sir, prepared to father another man's child?"

"Why not?" said André simply. Then he smiled a little cynically. "I know I do it. Many men would not."

"I'll thank you not to talk your loose talk here, sir, In view of the circumstances, we'll consider it settled."

"You are most kind," said André smoothly, "but there is one person who has not been consulted." He went back to the corner of the great fireplace, and once more knelt beside the little figure in the Paisley gown. "Will you let me take care of you and your baby, Justina?" he whispered.

"Why do you do it?" she asked, bewildered.

Scottish Marriage

"Because I love you. I have loved you for a long time. I will be kind to you, trust me. In time we shall find peace and comfort together, and our baby . . . he will be *our* baby, Justina . . . will grow up strong and happy. You will say yes."

He did not put this in the form of a question, he simply rose and returned to the parents.

"Then!" he said, in the true Latin manner.

Mr. Beatson again fingered his lip. At last he shrugged his great shoulders despairingly, and said, "I see naught else for it."

"No, John," said his wife dutifully, but with a great relief in her eyes.

Mr. Beatson, for the first time since André's entrance, addressed his daughter.

"Come here, Justina." And as she rose, unsteadily, André took her arm within his own warm kindly one.

"Stand here. And you, sir, here. What is your full name?"

"André Paul Marie Duvier."

Mr. Beatson repeated the word "Marie" with a snort. Then he opened the great Bible at the blank pages in the middle, and went to the bureau for quill and inkpot. When he returned, he said. "Take her hand. Now, repeat after me. I, André Paul Marie Duvier, take you, Justina Beatson, for my true and lawful wife, in the sight of God and these two witnesses." . . . "Now Justina; I, Justina Beatson, take you, André Paul Marie Duvier for my true and lawful husband, in the sight of God and these two witnesses." . . . "Now, sign here . . . and you, here."

He added his own name, his wife followed suit. There was a silence, in which the dark eyes of André met the blue ones of Justina, with a simple protecting tenderness in them. Her strained unhappy little face seemed to relax, and she clung to his hand. He answered the pressure, smiling down at her. Then he looked at Mr. Beatson in some quizzical surprise.

"Is that all?"

"It is."

"And we are legally . . . you say legally, married?"

"Ye are, God help and forgive us all."

"I *like* your Scotland!" said André Duvier.

END

Railway Retrospect (*Continued from page* 13)

Liverpool and Manchester line was opened, and all along the route there were cheering and curious crowds to see the eight trains with their 800 passengers steam past. The chief guests of the company, who included the Duke of Wellington, travelled in the directors' coach—a superb affair of crimson upholstery, gilded, scrolled and balustraded—in the first train, and the others followed in hardly less magnificent style. Everything seemed set for success, but the journey was spoiled for many by a tragic accident. The distinguished William Huskisson, a fellow-passenger of Wellington's, got down from his carriage during a halt and was run over and killed by an engine that came unexpectedly along another line.

But even this could not detract from the trip's triumphant success. The man who had most reason to be proud was Stephenson, for it was he who had built the line and it was his *Rocket* that had been chosen, in open competition before 10,000 watchers controlled by 200 special constables, as the best for the historic run. And the intense public enthusiasm proved that, however unpleasant the joltings, the smoke and the soot, the passenger train had come to stay.

The Liverpool–Manchester line cost £800,000 to build and it was opposed by vested interests of all kinds, including Parliament, which threw out its first Bill in 1825. The church, the Press, landowners, university, dons, proprietors of coaching lines, and tradesmen who thought their ironmongery supplies were threatened, all fought against this and the other lines that followed in the first railway boom of the '30s. Even the unlucky railway surveyors suffered, for angry farmers set their bulls on them and gamekeepers peppered them with shot as they squinted through their instruments.

There were infuriating set-backs. The London–Birmingham Railway, which opened in 1838, had to make a long and costly detour to avoid certain noblemen's estates and spent altogether £70,000 on getting its Bill through Parliament. The heads of Eton College wanted to put up a ten-foot wall along the Great Western Railway, engineered by the great Brunel, and stopped the company building a station at Slough (an inconvenience the company got over by doing without a platform and selling tickets in a public house).

But nothing could kill the enterprise of engineers in these exciting years, nor prevent the railways from spreading until, in 1843, they covered nearly 2,000 miles—and nothing could stop the mounting "Railway Mania" that reached such a climax in 1845.

This amazing wave of share-mongering, company promotion and investment hysteria had started in 1840. New lines were opening everywhere, and the universal scramble to be "in on a good thing" attracted financial sharks and swindlers in large numbers and involved vast sums of money. In 1845 620 new railway schemes were put forward, worth (on paper) £560,000,000.

To become effective, all plans had to be lodged with the Board of Trade by November 30. As the date drew near, conditions became chaotic. There were simply not enough engineers and surveyors to prepare the specifications in time. (*Continued on page* 64)

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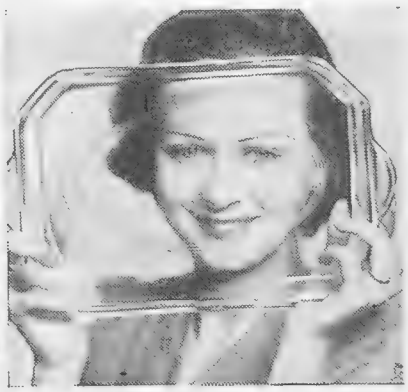

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Young men broke their apprenticeships and left promising jobs to earn the huge fees offered to anyone with the slightest technical knowledge. Bribery and corruption were widespread, and there were desperate stand-up fights with landowners who objected to their lands being surveyed. On the day itself, which was a Sunday, frantic promoters hired special trains to reach London with their applications in time. Unscrupulous companies did everything to stop their rivals completing and delivering their plans. One company, being refused a train by an already established line, got to London by staging a mock funeral, with the plans in the hearse and solicitors and surveyors as mourners.

At the Board's offices the clerks were overwhelmed with the mass of paper and the hall was packed with agents fuming to be attended to before the closing hour of midnight. Late-comers banged in vain on the closed doors and saw their dreams of easy money dashed. It was a fantastic episode in our financial annals.

Needless to say, many of the mushroom companies of these boom years failed and ruined thousands of investors. But one man at least made a huge fortune, George Hudson, the York linen draper, who juggled and manipulated so cleverly in the '30s and '40s (and also made some sound promotions) that he was called the "Railway King." But even he overreached himself, and the discovery of his embezzlements in 1849 added to the disastrous slump.

But in spite of everything the railways spread, and the network that grew up in the '50s was the basis of the modern system. In speed, they were not unenterprising (after 1848 the fifty-three miles London–Didcot run took forty-seven minutes!), but their comfort was Spartan. No heating, no smoking, no refreshments, the dimmest lighting—these were the rule in the early decades. And until 1846 the third class was an uncovered truck. Diners and sleepers came in in the '70s and corridors before 1900.

How the handing over of our 50,000 miles of railway to the State will affect the ordinary man remains to be seen. The railways were virtually State-controlled during the late war, and amalgamation itself is not new, for after the first World War the sixteen principal lines and many more small ones were merged into the "Big Four." But though the L.M.S., the L.N.E.R., the Great Western and the Southern are only twenty-five years old, their names and their distinctive colours have a vast good will value, and millions would be sorry to see these disappear without trace under a single name and uniform in the coming days of "British Railways."

END

Junagadh

(*Continued from page 29*)

which bumps out the coastline between Karachi and Bombay—he controls a long stretch of seaboard, relatively unimportant only because his age-old ports of Verawal and Mangrol have remained undeveloped and are only suitable for beaching dhows. But the potential for great wealth is in Junagadh, deliberately withheld from commerce by its ruler, and therefore forgotten by the trading world, sandwiched at the far end of Kathiawad between sea and desert.

Deliberately withheld from commerce and the trading world because as the Nawab put it: "We have sufficient to do to cope with invaders of my State already." Prophetic words, spoken long before the Dominion of India marched their troops in, and referring to Junagadh as one of the main centres of Jain pilgrimage throughout India.

The Jains are an important sect of Buddhistic Hindus.

So that when the ruler, Nawab Mahabut Khan, a solitary Mohammedan, flanked on every side by Hindu rulers, suddenly announced his intention of joining Pakistan, early last October, the Dominion of India straightway placed troops along his borders to try and safeguard not only the interests of the half million majority of his Hindu subjects, but also the lives of hundreds of thousands of Jain pilgrims who yearly visit the shrines on the Girnar.

These may number anything between 250,000 and 3,000,000 according to the sacredness of the year. In a specially holy year the period of visiting is extended to seven months, but as a rule the influx of pilgrims is confined to one month at the end of the rains, during which the gates of Junagadh City remain closed. The road to the Girnar skirts the town into the foothills behind. Even so, the discomfort and isolation endured by the capital can be imagined. It is virtually besieged by the crowds milling against its walls. Transport ceases, roads are blocked by pilgrims, by day it lies under a dust cloud, a cloud of smoke by night, and a ceaseless din of drums, chants and foot stampings.

The Nawab had once to endure three weeks of it as a boy, while he was being nursed of a fever, unable to get away. The memory has remained, and although the toll levied on each pilgrim adds substantially to the State revenue, he would have closed down the pilgrimages when he came to the throne, had it been in his power to do so. He is very much a Mohammedan.

Another factor displeases him. Three times a day his city quivers to the pulse of conches beating from Jain temples on the hill, for ten minutes at a time to waken the Gods, reverberating in ever-mounting thunder among the rock chasms of the Girnar. True the conches coincide with the muezzin's call to the faithful at dawn, noon and sunset, and at times when tempers are quiet, Hindu and Moslem alike turn aside to pray.

Seen from the east, which is the only means of approach, the Girnar presents a perfect pyramid. At fifteen miles away, two clefts can be discerned, one to either side, two-thirds of the way up. These pare off an outer horseshoe of hills, the ravines of which are thickly wooded, leaving the central apex to rise bare and needlewise, a rock from base to top three thousand feet high, seemingly inaccessible, a natural obelisk. Yet, even at this distance there is a glint of something white flashing at the top. Presently this flash breaks into a cluster of coned temples, one a white marble temple, literally overhanging a drop of 2,800 feet. Small wonder that the pilgrim pauses stupefied and the company break into a chant maintained from that moment to the base of the hill.

How came those temples to be clinging there, on a kind of pent-roof slide where weather has worn the rock face down for two hundred feet from the peak? The answer is by means of steps hewn in a single flight out of and up the face of the vertical rock.

To these steps the Jains press on, among them bands of saffron-robed nuns, each pilgrim awaiting his or her turn to ascend keeping the stream unbroken. Moreover, the five thousand steps have to be mounted nonstop, and during the night a shimmering snake can be seen coiling skywards, from the flares moving up the rock face of the Girnar, terminating in a head that is a positive sun at the city of temples; a sight that even impresses Mohammedans. Many pilgrims stumble in the ascent and are unavoidably trampled down. Yet the main tenet of the Jain religion is the sacredness of all life. A true Jain will wear a veil before his mouth to prevent him from breathing in and ending the life of a fly. Should a rich Jain's bedding become infested with fleas on the pilgrimage, he will hire a poor Jain to sleep in it, and thereby gain immunity for himself from bites for two nights. But he would never attempt to destroy the fleas. Although many take their lives by throwing themselves off the great rock of the Girnar in religious ecstacy, to take another's life, even in self-defence, would mean damnation through countless cycles of re-birth.

Imagine then the fate of Jain pilgrims in a Pakistan-allied State. The toll money to be paid by each might (*Continued on page 66*)

children's party fare

☆ hints ☆ ideas ☆ recipes ☆

LOLLIPOP CUSTARDS

Make a thick custard in the usual way with dried eggs, flour and milk or custard powder if available. Flavour if liked with almond, vanilla or other cooking flavour. Pour into individual glasses. Sprinkle with crushed "boiled sweets" — the more mixed the colours the better. Top with a marshmallow, piece of turkish delight, square of fudge or other soft sweet.

CRUMB FUDGE

2 level tablespoons syrup, 2 oz. margarine, 2 oz. sugar, 2 oz. cocoa, few drops vanilla, peppermint or orange essence, 6 oz. dried crumbs.

Heat syrup, margarine, sugar and cocoa gently until melted. Stir in flavouring and then bread-crumbs. Mix thoroughly, turn into a well-greased 7 in. sandwich tin, spread evenly and mark lightly into squares. Leave for 24 hours. This fudge improves with keeping for a day or two.

JELLY FRUIT WHIP

1 packet jelly or jelly crystals (1 pint size), boiling water, ½ pint chopped fruit, mock cream to decorate.

Place the jelly in a measure, make up to ¾ pint with boiling water and stir until dissolved. Turn into a bowl and when cold, but not set, whisk until light and frothy. Stir in the fruit and turn into a dish. Decorate with mock cream before serving.

CHOCOLATE CONKERS

2 oz. margarine, 2 oz. sugar, 1-2 teaspoons almond essence, 8 oz. cake-crumbs (plain cake if possible), a little cocoa.

Beat the margarine and sugar together until light and creamy. Add the almond essence and beat again. Mix in the cake-crumbs and knead the mixture together. Form into small balls and roll into cocoa and sugar.

SOME SANDWICHES

Many children like the "grown-up-ness" of piquant savoury sandwiches — so here is a savoury filling. Don't forget the flag labels for the plates. Your own children will enjoy making the labels from triangles of coloured paper stuck on sharpened matchsticks.

FISH PASTE: *6 oz. cooked fish, 1 level tablespoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 level teaspoon made mustard, salt and pepper to taste, ½ oz. melted margarine*

Flake the fish and mix it with all the other ingredients. Mix thoroughly to form a smooth paste.

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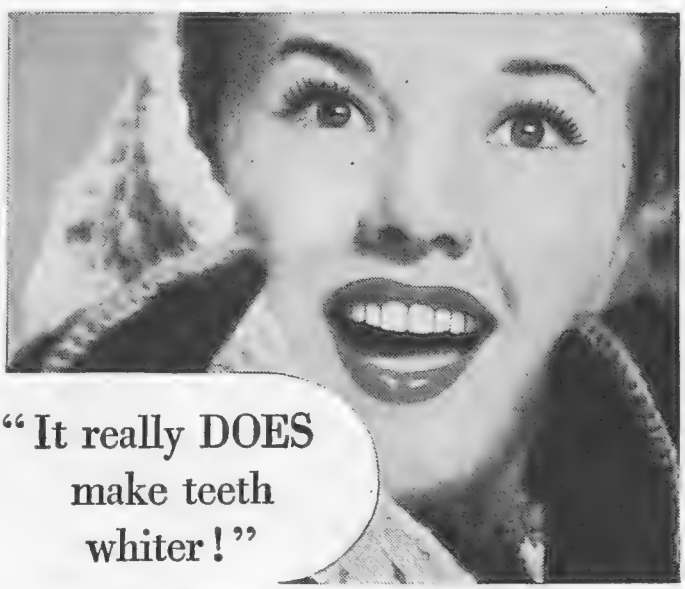

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well become extortionate. The nearest whisper would only need to pass round of some massacre of Mohammedans by Hindus elsewhere in India, for the opportunity for counter-slaughter to be overwhelming.

The Dominion of India has wisely decided that such an opportunity must not be allowed to arise. It marched troops into Junagadh City during the absence of the ruler at Karachi, over the week-end of November 11, and Dominion of India troops will now be maintained in Junagadh until a plebiscite can be held deciding whether the subjects of the State choose to be allied to Pakistan or India.

Thus Junagadh becomes the first of the Princely States of India to be unseated by democracy. For although the Government of the Dominion of India have made it clear that they in no way wish to be responsible for the administration of the affairs of the State, never before has the voice of the people been heard against the voice of the ruler in one of the Princely States of Hind.

END

Junagadh

Plain And Fancy

(*Continued from page* 36)

both ends of next and every 6th row following until 97 are on needle. When side edge measures 18½ ins., or length desired.

SHAPE TOP

Dec. 1 st. at both ends of every alt. row until 45 remain ; p. 1 row, then cast off 15 on next 2 rows. Work 20 rows on last 15 then cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 12 needles and B. wool, cast on 52. Work in k. 1, p. 1 rib. Make buttonholes on 3rd and every 20th row : rib 4, cast off 4, rib to end and on next row cast on 4 over gap. When work is 5 ins., finishing at end farther from buttonholes, inc. 1, rib to last 12, slip these 12 to safety-pin for buttonhole band, change to No. 9 needles and st.st. on rem. 41 sts. in ptn., thus : Join F. and R. F. is used for the background colour ; R. and B. for the contrast, which is alternated every 6 rows. **1st and 2nd rows.**—5 F., (1 R., 5 F.) to end. **3rd and 4th rows.**—1 R., (3 F., 3 R.) to end, finishing 1 R. **5th and 6th rows.**—2 R., (1 F., 5 R.) to end, finishing 2 R.

These 6 rows form simple ptn. ; but remember to change to black instead of red every alt. ptn.

Inc. 1 st. at end of 7th row, and at same edge on every 6th row until 52 are on needle, taking extra sts. into ptn. Finish 73rd row. SHAPE ARMHOLE : Cast off 6 F., (1 F. on needle), 3 F., (1 R., 5 F.) to end (46 sts.). Dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on next 5 rows (41) and next 4 alt. rows (37). Work straight until 108th ptn. row has been done, then SHAPE NECK by dec. 1 st. on next 3 rows at hitherto straight edge (34), then on next 3 alt. rows (31). Work straight until 1 in. longer than back, then, working in B., cast off 11 on next row at armhole edge, work 1 more row, then cast off 10 on next 2 alt. rows at same edge.

LEFT FRONT

Work this to match the right front, with all shaping at opposite edges.

TO COMPLETE

Press all st.st. parts with a hot iron and damp cloth, particularly the patterned front pieces. Join shoulders and press seams. With No. 12 needles and black wool pick up the 12 from left front safety-pin (for button band) and continue in rib until 178th row from cast-on edge has been worked. Cut wool, replace sts. on safety-pin, and sew this strip, stretching it slightly to prevent waviness, up left front to start of neck shaping. With same needles and wool, pick up the other 12 from right front safety-pin (for buttonhole band), and continue in rib, making buttonholes as before until there are 9 holes. Continue until 178th row has been done. Do not break wool or remove sts. from needle, but sew this strip, stretched, up right front edge to start of neck shaping. **179th row.**—Rib the 12 of buttonhole band, pick up and k. 32 round right front neck edge to seam, 30 from the 31 of back neck (taking 2 tog. in centre), 32 round left front neck edge, and rib across the 12 of button band. Work 3 more rows in k. 1, p. 1 rib across all sts. On next row (183rd row) make a buttonhole exactly as the previous nine. Cast off on 187th row.

Press seams of button and buttonhole bands. Sew in sleeves, joining the side edges of top extensions to cast-off sets of 15 sts. at each side to form square shoulders. Press seams. Join side and sleeve seams and press them. Sew on buttons to match buttonholes.

END.

Designed For Comfort

(*Continued from page* 36)

SHAPE NECK

Work 39 sts., cast off 9 sts., work 39 sts. Work on the last set of 39 sts. for 2 ins., at the same time dec. by casting off 2 sts. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 33 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 11 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows. Return to the first set of 39 sts. and work to correspond.

THE BACK

With No. 10 needles cast on 128 sts. Work as for the front until after armhole shaping (87 sts.). Work 2 more ins. on these 87 sts. Divide sts. for the back opening.

Work 43 sts. (place the remaining 44 sts. on a spare needle).

Work on the 43 sts. until armhole measures 6½ ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next neck edge row. Work for ½ in., at the same time dec. 1 st. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 33 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 11 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end row. Return to the 44 sts. on spare needle. Join wool at centre edge. K. 2 tog. at the beg. of the row (43 sts.). Work to correspond with the first set of 43 sts.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles cast on 52 sts. Rib in k. 4, p. 4 for 4 ins. Change to No. 10 needles cast on 1 st.—(53 sts.).

Work in yoke pattern work 4 rows. Then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row following, until 87 sts. and sleeve measures 17½ ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 37 sts. remain. Cast off.

COLLAR

With No. 12 needles, cast on 132 sts. Rib in k. 4, p. 4 for 1 in. Change to No. 10 needles and work 1½ ins. in rib. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Press each part with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up shoulder, side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on collar, sewing on the beg. of the collar (No. 12 needles) to the neck. With No. 12 crochet hook, Work 2 rows of double crochet down each side of the back opening. Work button loops on the right hand side of back opening. Press all seams. Sew on buttons. Work two loops each side of waist ribbing for belt.

END.

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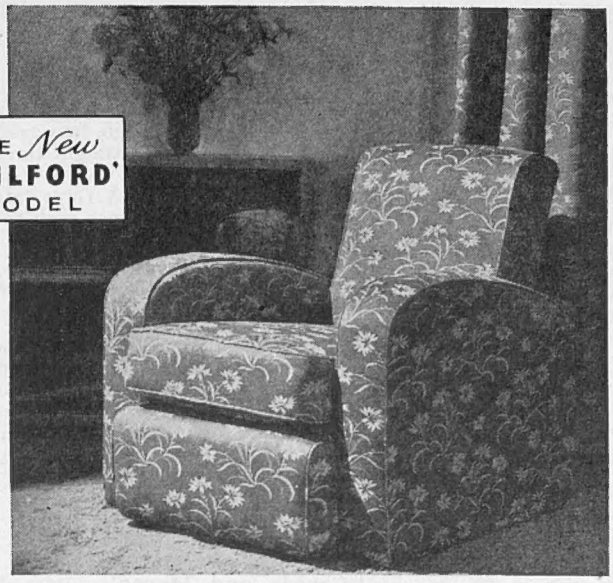

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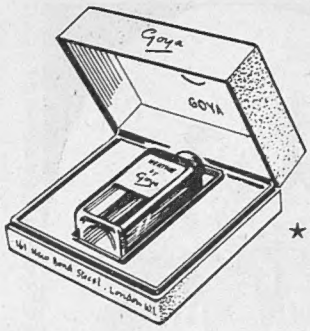

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Books

(*Continued from page 41*)

personal likings to disclose, he doesn't overdo the Hardy theme.

BARE nature farther afield—in the Caribbean and African tropics—as well as at home is the subject of Mr. Leslie Brown's **"Birds and I"** (Michael Joseph, 15s.), illustrated from his own vivid close-up photographs. As the testament of one who has been bird-watcher and student from boyhood, this strikes me as an exceptionally valuable book.

ADMIRABLE, too—especially for its sixty full-page photographs—is Mr. B. Melville Nicholas's thirty years' study of the nocturnal habits of British birds and beasts, **"Wild Life by Night"** (MacDonald, 10s. 6d.). He, too, caught this nature-fever in boyhood, and it has led him to some fascinating discoveries about owls, dormice, foxes, hedgehogs, rats, mice, voles, nightjar and nightingale when the rest of us were sleeping. What a book for the nosey sort of junior who is always poking his head in holes and bringing home furry things that stink!

AS novelist Mr. Robert Hichens can still show us points in easy dialogue, urbane style, romantic Continental background. **"Incognito"** (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.) is the spacious 400-page story of a Crown Prince travelling unknown who falls in love with the half-Russian Countess Christine, then royally sidetracks her to become king. His friend Otto loves her, too; there is court intrigue, poison-plot byplay; but it is Mr. Hichens's craftsmanship that gives credence to the Ruritanic.

"THE Lord made potatoes, but I think it was the devil that made diamonds," says veld farmer Dirk Macabe in Miss Thirza Nash's **"Witchweed"** (Cassell, 9s. 6d.). Spurred by an ambitious wife, he jeopardizes farm and happiness to join the "rush" to new diggings, with tragic results. This is a conscientious tale of South African life, skilfully told; the background has something of the quality of Olive Schreiner's "African Farm."

A FARMING family from the south, and the dark passionate streak that erupts in it in each generation, gives Mr. Robert Gibbons his drama in a U.S. novel: **"Bright is the Morning"** (Chapman & Hall, 9s. 6d.). We are shown the hereditary urge working through Joe Tom Gael, in his relationship with Chloe Winters, to a violent climax. A study of forceful characters in strong, dynamic conflict.

NEW ORLEANS in the '40's with "warm Creole laughter drifting down from the balconies" is the setting of Mr. W. Adolphe Roberts's **"Royal Street"** (Melrose, 10s.6d.), which shows a young, sword-flashing Santo Domingan, Victor Olivier, intent on making Louisiana the hub of a French-speaking republic, returning to his homeland on a dangerous mission, and finding a love for an aristocratic girl that has to survive family contempt and opposition. There have been many novels and plays about New Orleans; this is as colourful and romantic as any.

AND so to our inexhaustible Sir Seymour Hicks of the frolicsome pen, who toys amiably with the Boccaccian theme of the inured lady-killer who refuses to take "no" for an answer and even plots to install himself as the husband's valet in order to "get the goil" in **"No Thanks, I'm Married"** (Cassell, 8s. 6d.). The Hon. Michael Gaye, D.S.O., had wooed all the others successfully with "the passionate insincerity of a delightfully unmoral man"; ergo, he wasn't pleased when this one "looked straight through him, her face as blank as the wall of a fives court on a wet afternoon." A Gaye farce which does no one any harm—not even the author.

HERE is a list of other books which will repay the attention of the reader:

NOVELS

Betty Askwith has chosen for the setting of her new novel, **"The Admiral's Daughters"** (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.), the uneasy period between the two wars. The emotional development of three young women who grew up during these years of false prosperity and feverish activity, is drawn with unusual sympathy and insight.

In a staccato, flash-back style, Roland Hoffman admirably conveys the emotional conflict of the returning service man in **"George and Margo"** (John Langdon, 8s. 6d.). Scenes of the fast-drinking, fast-talking post-war London society, seen through his eyes, built up to a dramatic and inevitable climax.

"The Company's Servant," by Mary Leigh (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); **"Salt of Youth,"** by Gail Gardiner (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.); **"Mirror of Delusion,"** by Mary Reisner (Hammond, Hammond, 9s. 6d.); **"The Wandering Osprey,"** by Dorothy Mackinder (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); **"Her Name Was Cornelia,"** by Marigold Watney (Macdonald 8s. 6d.); **"Shadows on the Valley,"** by Barbara Webster (Rich & Cowan, 9s. 6d.); **"A Sound Fellow,"** by Simon Dewes (Rich & Cowan, 9s. 6d.); **"Love and Ella Rafferty,"** by John Paddy Carstairs (Hurst and Blackett, 9s. 6d.); **"The Strangers,"** by Francis Lobb (Art and Educational Publishers, 8s. 6d.); **"What Thing is Fairest,"** by Ruth Alexander (Hurst and Blackett, 9s. 6d.); **"Escape from Julia,"** by Chris Massie (Raber & Faber, 8s. 6d.); **"Barzie,"** by May Davison (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); **"The House by the Sea,"** by Jon Godden (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.); **"Time is my Debtor,"** by Olive Hawks (Jarrold, 10s. 6d.); **"Like an Abominable Branch,"** by Patrick Turnbull (Hurst and Blackett, 9s 6d.); **"The Devil Has the Best Tunes,"** by H. L. V. Fletcher (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); **"Pleasant Burden,"** by Barbara Kaye (Hurst & Blackett, 9s. 6d.).

DETECTIVE FICTION

"The Whispering House," by Margaret Erskine (Hammond, Hammond, 8s. 6d.); **"Clue Sinister,"** by Carol Carnac (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.).

MISCELLANEOUS

"Religion in War and Peace," by Guy Kendall, M.A. (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.); **"Our Princess Weds,"** a souvenir of the Royal Romance (Evelyn Thomas, 2s. 6d.); **"Green Corners,"** by Bertha Damon (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.); **"So Many Roads,"** by Henry Baerlein (Stanley Paul, 16s.).

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

"Adventure on the Moon," by Nina Carroll (Hutchinson, 5s.); **"Trylla and Other Small Fry,"** by Gunnar Gunnarsson (Hutchinson, 5s.); **"Four Stowaways and Anna,"** by M. Frow (Hutchinson, 6s.); **"The Golden Key,"** by Tolstoy, translated by Eric Hartley (Hutchinson, 5s.); **"Miss Emma and Dustbin Alley,"** by Isobel St. Vincent (Hutchinson, 6s.); **"Oh, My Hat,"** by M. Joyce Davies (Hutchinson, 2s. 6d.); **"Uncle Andy's Bedtime Stories,"** by Spencer Batchelor with illustrations by Jupo (Hollis & Carter, 5s.).

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